

THE
Juvenile Instructor

1866

Vol. LI

JULY 1916

No. 7

1916



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Ode to the Pioneers

By Carrie Shaw Rice

Safe in the gracious hollow of God's hand,
Through the long stretches of the changing years,
For myriad centuries laid this favored land,
Waiting the coming of the Pioneers.

The mystery of waters on its face
Reflecting sunset glow from crag and hill,
It lay supine in His appointed place,
Under the waters of Lake Bonneville.

The silence of the desert over all,
The mountains standing guard all gloriously,
Sleeping it lay beneath its watery pall,
Dreaming the long, long dreams of Destiny.

And then God spoke. Years like a silver stream
Ran on and all was ready, then they came,
Like knights of old, led onward by the Gleaner,
Unheeding of the world, its praise or blame.

Now bloomed the wilderness; and yet, anon,
The heavy hand of Famine smote the land,
And Hunger stalked among them, grey and wan,
Demanding toll of that courageous band.

Tears for the suffering they so nobly bore,
Cheers for their patient courage, faith and truth,
A tale to be recorded evermore
And graven deeply on the heart of youth.

Wherever men are brave and women true,
'Neath whatsoever skies their birth may be,
Or what their faith, such tales must stir anew
And thrill the pulses of Humanity.

Honor them, ye children of today!
Flowers for the living while yet they may know
Your gratitude, who tread the easier way,
Hewn for your feet by those who wrought in woe.

Flowers for the dead—let Sego Lilies fair,
As emblem of the state they loved so well,
Unfurl their beauty on the fragrant air,
A tale of love and loyalty to tell.

The evening primrose watches o'er their sleep,
The mourning dove sounds low its plaintive call,
The mountains still their silent vigils keep,
And the same God keeps watch and ward o'er all.



WASHINGTON TAKING LEAVE OF HIS OFFICERS
(New York. G. R. Putnam)



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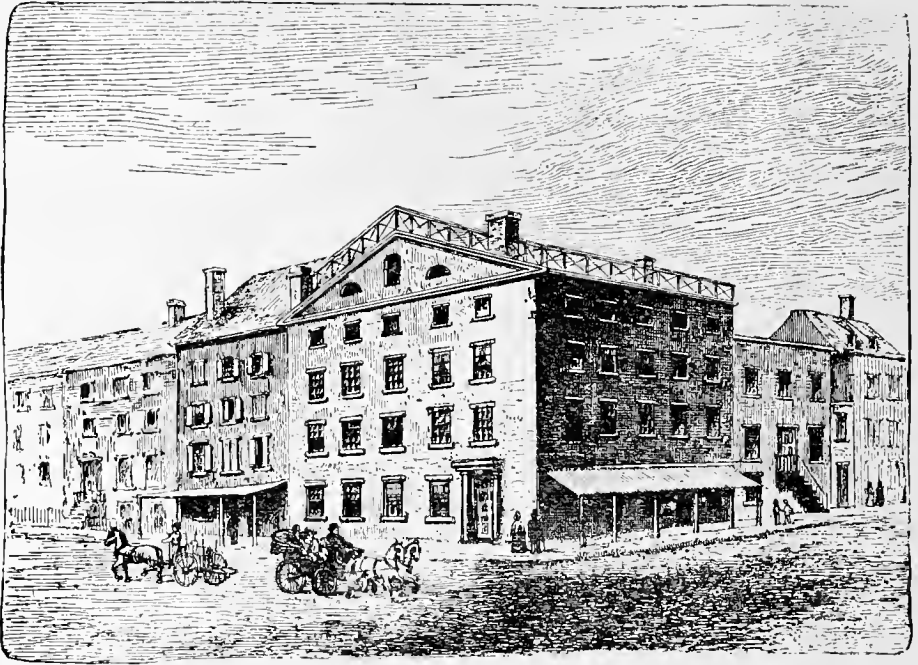
Fraunces' Tavern

By Junius F. Wells

I was invited one day last winter to take lunch with a friend in the downtown district of New York. As we left his office and entered Broad Street we looked up to the head of the street, where it enters Wall Street and is stopped by the U. S. Sub-Treasury. There we observed; as all visitors to New York usually do, the fine statue of Washington at the top of the broad steps which rise from Wall Street to the first floor level of the historic building. The statue stands between the great columns which adorn this front of the Treasury building, and is placed upon the exact spot where General Washington stood when he took the oath of office as the first President of the United States, April 30, 1789.

When my friend asked "Where shall we go?" I replied that I should like to see Fraunces' Tavern, and wondered if we could lunch there. He said: "The very place. It is down here on Broad Street at the corner of Pearl. Come along." And so we went. As we entered the door we were welcomed by what appeared to be a soldier of the Continental Army, in his white and blue uniform, cocked hat, knee breeches, stockings and buckled shoes. He guided us to the desk, where we checked hats and top coats, and after

waiting a few minutes he found us a vacant table in one of the dining rooms. All down stairs and several of the upstairs rooms are now used as such, and the space is needed. It is a busy place at the lunch hour and at dining time in the evening. The patronage is general, including ladies accompanied, but especially comprises a large and regular attendance of bankers, brokers, government employees of the near-by custom house, shipping agents and others able to pay for and enjoy the best of food, prepared and served in excellent, refined style. It is not cheap, but ranks with the best of the high class restaurants, such as Delmonico's and the Savarin. Many of the patrons are members of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, and they make a practice of entertaining visiting friends, especially fellow members of out of town societies, which contributes largely to the maintenance of the establishment as a restaurant. It is also becoming a very popular resort for private parties, societies and fraternities, giving banquets and socials and for holding meetings. The several rooms of especial historic interest, or otherwise, are adapted to this service, so that for either large or small assemblies, such as the annual banquets of the Sons of



FRAUNCES' TAVERN, NEW YORK, 1783

the Revolution, always given on Washington's birthday, or for class reunions or a private birthday party or bachelor's supper—a room of the size needed can always be hired for the occasion and every service and attention secured of the very best.

After finishing our excellent lunch we proceeded to an inspection of the premises, first visiting the office of the Society, where some data concerning the place and a catalogue of the museum were furnished us. From these we gleaned the information concerning its origin and the various uses to which it has been of service and which establish it as a land mark of high historic interest.

We are told that it was originally built for a residence about 1700 by Etienne De Lancey. It was bought by Samuel Fraunces in 1762 for use as an inn. The original title deeds are shown in one of the museum cases.

It was the regular meeting place of the Sons of Liberty prior to the Revolution.

Within its walls the New York Chamber of Commerce was organized in 1768.

Here the Society of the Sons of the Revolution of the State of New York was organized in the Long Room, on December 4, 1883, upon the one hundredth anniversary of the historic event that has chiefly enshrined the famous tavern in the hearts of Americans.

In 1904 the Society acquired title to the property and moved its offices there. It is now the Society's headquarters, and, besides supplying rooms for its offices and library, it is virtually a museum of relics of the heroic periods of our country's history, especially of the Revolutionary period.

In the glass cases and hanging upon the walls and upon pedestals and brackets are preserved many autograph letters and documents of the nation's heroes—Washington, La Fayette, Governor Clinton and many notable officers of the army. There are flags and banners and relics of battle

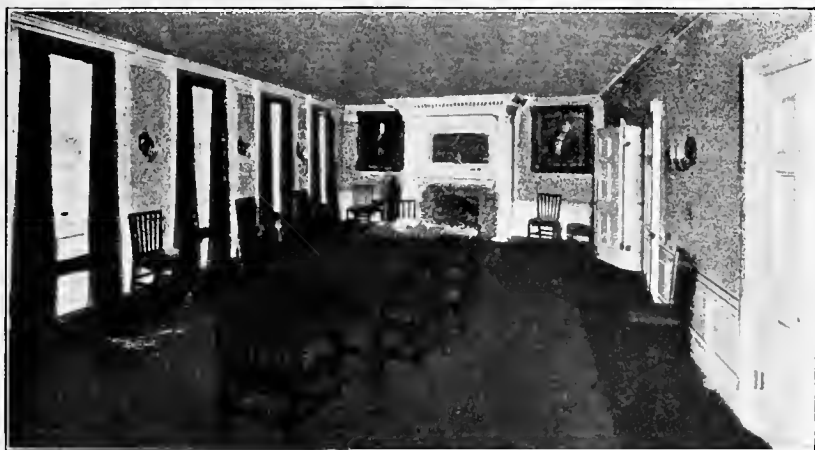
fields, diaries of officers, general orders, commissions, etc. There are sculptured figures and busts of personages of the Revolution, which have been presented by their descendants or admirers. The collection is very interesting.

In the Long Room, in which Washington said farewell to his officers, a bronze tablet has been placed over the corner fireplace reciting the event and quoting his remarks as preserved and now recorded in all the histories. In this room, used as the director's room of the Society, is a long table, upon which the visitors' register is al-

celebrate the hundredth anniversary of American Independence, to perpetuate the memory of the men who achieved it, to preserve documents and relics relating to the War of Independence, and, above all, to inspire in their descendants a patriotic spirit and assist at all times in the commemorative celebration of great historic events.

The society has branches or chapters in nearly all of the States and has grown in membership and enthusiasm since its organization.

On account of certain restrictions as to membership which only admit adult male descendants of those who helped



ORIGINAL DINING ROOM, FRAUNCES' TAVERN.

ways open to receive signatures of visitors to whom the hospitality of the Society is always extended.

It might here be well to say a few words about the Sons of the Revolution, as many of the readers of the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* may not be informed, and even some who are eligible to membership may not know the fact that here in Utah the opportunity of joining the society is afforded them.

This patriotic society originated in New York in 1876, being promoted by John A. Stevens, founder of the *Magazine of American History*, and others who felt that it was a fitting way to

to establish American Independence, between the dates of April 19, 1775 (Battle of Lexington) and April 19, 1783, a movement was undertaken in 1889 to broaden its scope and admit a much larger membership. This led to the organization of another society similar in all its aims and was completed on the 30th of April that year. This is the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, whose membership now outnumbers the original society and is only limited to lineal descendants of those who rendered actual service in the War of the Revolution.

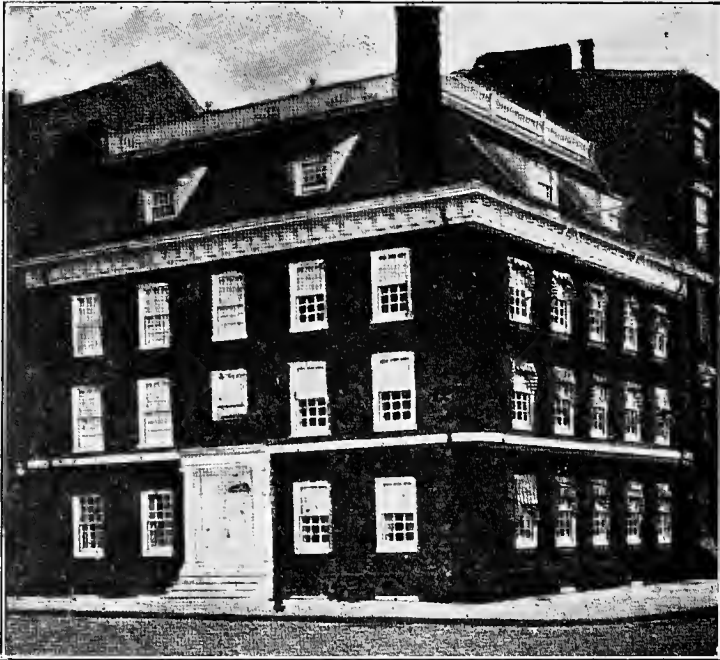
The two societies now have a mem-

bership of about twenty-five thousand, and ought to be merged into one, but efforts to do this have been tried and failed.

We now come to the particular event that endears Fraunces' Tavern to the hearts of Americans. It was the impressive, pathetic leave-taking of General Washington, the ceremony of parting with the officers of the army, his friends and companions of the Revolutionary War. The scene is best described by the historian Washington Irving:

Tavern, in the neighborhood of the ferry, to take a final leave of him.

"On entering the room, and finding himself surrounded by his old companions in arms, who had shared with him so many scenes of hardship, difficulty and danger, his agitated feelings overcame his usual self-command. Filling a glass of wine, and turning upon them his benignant but saddened countenance, 'with a heart full of love and gratitude,' said he, 'I now take leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days



FRAUNCES' TAVERN (AS AT PRESENT)
Headquarters Sons of the Revolution, New York

"In the course of a few days Washington prepared to depart for Annapolis where Congress was assembling with the intention of asking leave to resign his command. A barge was in waiting about noon on the 4th of December at Whitehall Ferry, to convey him across the Hudson to Paulus Hook. The principal officers of the army assembled at Fraunces'

may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.' Having drunk his farewell benediction he added with emotion, 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but will be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.'

"General Knox, who was nearest, was the first to advance. Washing-

ton, affected even unto tears, grasped his hand and gave him a brother's embrace. In the same affectionate manner he took leave severally of the rest. Not a word was spoken. The deep feeling and manly tenderness of these veterans in the parting moment could find no utterance in words. Silent and solemn they followed their loved commander as he left the room, passed through a corps of light infan-

try, and proceeded on foot to Whitehall Ferry. Having entered the barge, he turned to them, took off his hat and bowed a silent adieu. They replied in the same manner, and having watched the barge until the intervening point of the Battery shut it from sight, returned, still solemn and silent, to the place where they had assembled."

The Shovel Machine

By Theodore Best

O say, have you seen the big shovel machine
That digs up the dirt when they're paving the street?
Have you noticed the crane and the size of its chain,
And the canopy over the engineer's seat?
Just a lever to pull and the big scoop is full,
Then, swinging, it goes to the wagons that wait;
Reversed, it comes back with a creak and a crack,
And digs in again at a terrible rate.

In moving away to a new job one day,
The machine busted down just in front of our place.
The children rushed out with a whoop and a shout,
And crowded around to consider the case.
But my little brother just clung to his mother,
Scared half to death at the monstrous thing.
Oh, his fright was complete—he was pale as a sheet,
And all explanations no comfort would bring.

Well, they fixed up the break, and the shovel moved on,
But the moment my brother found out it was gone,
He said how he wished that the old thing had stayed,
For he wanted to stand in the smoke that it made.
He wanted to talk to the big engineer,
And sit on the smoke-stack and shout, "Look-e-here!"
O my, he was brave, little brother was brave;
His talker—he just couldn't make it behave.

When daddy came home to his dinner at night,
We told him about the big talk and the fright.
He said, 'Now, there isn't much difference, maybe,
'Twixt him and the grown-ups—he's only a baby—
For often I've noticed that grown people say
Very wonderful things when the danger's away."
Anyhow, now I am glad that I've seen
The ins and the outs of the shovel machine.



In seventeen hundred eighty three
Little thought that I would be
THE PATRON SAINT OF MINNIE

An Aged American

This is a photograph of Mosinee, a Chippewa Indian who according to authentic records in the hands of the United States Government, was born in 1783, at Wisconsin. At the present time he makes his home on the Cass Lake Reservation at Cass Lake, Minnesota. He is now 133 years old.

This aged American was recently mixed up in a railroad accident. He was walking along the track, when a switch engine struck him and he was caught by the brake-beam of the engine tender and dragged along the rail, yelling lustily all the time. The engineer heard his cries, stopped the

train and Mosinee was looked over. It was found that he had a bad cut in the head and a bad bruise on the hip. He lapsed into unconsciousness, and when he awoke found himself between two clean, snowy white sheets. It was a novel experience for him and so fetching that he immediately climbed out, wrapped himself in his dirty

old blankets and departed for the woods. This happened on January 19th of this year and our last reports are that he is enjoying his usual good health, and promises to live to a ripe old age.

It is stated that in his honor his name was given to the city of Mosinee, Wisconsin.

The Signers of the Declaration of Independence

By Maud Baggarley.

List thou to this tale of courage!

It shall thrill thy heart with pride
Of the sires (heroic, daring)—

For through all the country side
Women prayed, and watched, and waited—

While they, in anxious conclave wrought
The Independence Declaration,

Set a monarch's will at naught!

Long they pondered and debated;

Gravely voiced their stern decree;
Pledged their "lives and sacred honor"
To the cause of Liberty!

With rapt eyes that saw a vision—
Staking life and wealth and fame,
Risking hateful persecution—

With high resolve each signed his name,
Though failure, meant the noose—or prison—

But, "On our God we shall rely"
Said the patriots undaunted,
"At the worst, we can but die!"

Oh that flame of holy passion

That bids men cry with parting breath:
"Liberty doth cradle greatness

"Give it me—or give me death!"
It had swept through every village

Brightly burned, in every town,
'Til a thousand thousand, "rebels"

Took up arms, nor laid them down
'Til from every staff "Old Glory"

Told the story, clear and plain,
Of the freedom from oppression
Which our fathers died to gain!

Then ever keep a candle burning

On the altar of your soul
For those who signed the Declaration;

Add thy name to honor's roll
By working, till each "tongue and kindred"—

All the people' neath the sun—
Dwell in Unity together

In a great Millennium!

Little Sir Galahad

By Phoebe Gray

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XVII

AFTER SIX YEARS

A broad flight of flat stairs led up and up to the wide-flung portals of Minot House. Ascending these you unconsciously elevated your chin, for as you climbed, the great columns of that stately porch held your eye. Minot House was the Parthenon where a thousand devotees made obeisance to all the gods of Education.

Minot was dead, and lived again in the spirit which pervaded the House of his splendid endowment. Minot, born poor, lived and died to enrich Sheffield with the magnificence of his Idea, rearing a free university for the people, a temple to the spirit of Helpfulness and Self-reliance.

Down the echoing corridors of Minot House sounded the footsteps of the Seekers. The feet might falter with age or quicken with the high courage of youth; they might wear flat heels or high; they might display the rust of poverty or shine with the gloss of opulence. It was all the same to Minot.

Your college instructor must scintillate on a salary that excites the scorn of a well-trained stenographer. Minot's instructors drew pay gauged to their several efficiencies. The first requisite of admission to the Minot House faculty was the love of teaching; this satisfied, the love of teaching ceased to be its only reward. Thousands of first-rate teachers can't afford to teach, but the Minot instructor soon found that he couldn't afford not to.

Consequently, if you could not learn a thing at Minot House, it was because you were unteachable. But the pupils were of a high order of teachability, since they went there with one idea—to learn. No social distinction

attached to the student at Minot House, and if you fancied such a distinction before you entered, you dropped the notion promptly or Minot House dropped you. However, when you graduated, you found yourself in possession of the more profitable distinction of Efficiency.

Minot House was a citizen factory: it worked two shifts. Long after other industries closed their eyes for the night, lights blazed from the windows of Minot House. Only one type of enterprise vied with it in the matter of business hours, and that was, oddly enough, the saloon, whose function was to destroy, while Minot House produced, citizens. It should be said that the Minot product offered poor pickings for that sort of competition.

Up the flight of broad, flat steps now climbed a boy; a boy with a face eager and alert, and a quantity of blonde hair that waved and twisted all over his head in insubordinate curls. It clustered about his fine, broad forehead and formed adorable little duck-tails around his ears and on his neck. It was a trifle longer than a becoming length to most boys; but it eminently became this one.

He walked with an odd, slightly uneven gait, which seemed to you at first to require conscious effort, but which you presently discovered to be as effective a means of locomotion as the average. His feet were smaller than common for a boy of his age, and his legs noticeably slender. But he could walk, easily and rapidly. As he was between thirteen and fourteen years old, there was no reason to doubt that, with his general growth, his legs would more and more approach the normal.

John Willett had said to Sam

Thomas "Would you like to send Charlie to college? Don't hesitate, if I can ever serve you."

"He's too young yet awhile to talk about it," replied Sam. "Maybe, by the time he's old enough to think of that, I'll be prosperous enough to put him through without borrowin' a dollar."

It was at about this time that Minot died. Who or what Minot was does not concern this story, beyond the facts already set forth. By the time Charlie had crystallized his ambition, Minot House was an established institution, equipped to help him fulfill it.

Charlie's legs were the only limping thing about him. His brain cantered, to say the least, where most brains plodded. And he had developed an astonishing and catholic dexterity. This had become emphasized from the time he had begun to play with the new drawing outfit, on a memorable Christmas night.

Every day of his life from that time he had drawn and drawn and drawn. The weird results of first attempts gave place to work that showed the promise of the future. His perspective was masterfully distorted, his chiaroscuro a patchwork of tangled shadows; but here and there, in a face, in the poise of a head, or in the grace and truth of gesture even of some crude caricature, there was a flash of talent almost blinding in its revelation.

You will remember Charlie's letter to Francis Willett, in which he recounted the amusement created by his "potrits" of doctor and nurses. The boy was destined to look back at those first attempts at portraiture and marvel at their significance. His drawing of Miss Hammersmith had hinted at a characteristic of what was some day to be known as "the Art of Charles Brushly Thomas," which has far more to do with the course of this story than Miss Hammersmith herself.

Miss Bruce had laughed immoderately at the picture. Charlie took a

second look and tore it up. Not for the world would he have had Miss Hammersmith see it; and he had steadfastly refused to make another delineation of the same young woman.

This drawing was not a particle more ridiculous or grotesque than those he soon after made of Miss Bruce and the doctor. He did not hesitate to exhibit these, and the chagrin of their subjects had tickled him immensely. But why had he torn up Miss Hammersmith's?

Suppose you knew a person with a distressing facial blemish who had lived to maturity without having surveyed his own features? Would you willingly hold up a mirror to that person? Would you undertake the responsibility of revealing what he really looked like?

Charlie Thomas's drawing of Miss Hammersmith was funny and absurd, of course; but in the brain that directed the fingers' upon the pencil dwelt the deep-hidden power of apprehension, so subtle and so delicate that for many years the boy did not know it was there.

Charlie Thomas possessed no keener character-reading faculty than you or I—until he got a pencil in his hand. Then his fingers told what his tongue could not utter. That was why he tore up Miss Hammersmith's portrait. He loved Miss Hammersmith, and not for the world would he hold up the mirror. He heard afterward that the poor girl fell into serious trouble through her inability to distinguish between what was hers and what belonged to a certain department store, and the news grieved him beyond telling.

The revelations contained in the boy's crude sketches of people were so startling that he grew to dread them. He wanted to like everybody, to confide in everybody, to believe the best of everybody.

He would take up a current magazine and, finding in it the portrait of some man in the public eye, would

swiftly copy it in a few strokes. The results were striking, and often totally unexpected. If you took a series of these little sketches and wrote under each the suggested attribute in the features, you would write such words as these:

Against the name of a great philanthropist, "Egotism."

Against that of a man whose reputation for political adroitness had become nation wide, "Benevolence."

Against that of a great captain of industry, "Innocence."

Against that of a certain little man who for twenty years had worked humbly among his brethren of the slums, "Courage."

Sometimes you could forecast what the suggestion in the drawing would be, but oftener it would be quite contrary to your expectation. Charlie himself could foretell no more than could the person at his elbow what verdict the pencil would render. He preferred not to make so hazardous a test, yet there was always an uncanny fascination in the experiment when his friends and acquaintances formed the subjects. He came to shrink from this adventurous portraiture and drove his pencil to other ends.

Charlie entered Minot House when he was thirteen. Sam took him there one morning in early fall. For a long time they waited in the anteroom of the superintendent. When that official saw Charlie, his face beamed with delight. Here was a boy worth educating, indeed.

"This little feller," began Sam, "wants to learn to be an artist. We think he's got talent."

In the past fortnight the superintendent had heard this same speech, with the variation of but a word, something more than a thousand times.

"This little boy wants to build railroads." "This little girl would like to have you make her a prima donna, please." "How long will it take you to make Willie President of the United States?" The superintendent held

himself in readiness to be surprised at no demand upon the capacities for education at Minot House.

"Can he spell?" he asked, eyeing Charlie obliquely while he addressed his question to Sam.

"Why, yes, yes, I guesso," answered Sam, a little bewildered.

"How is his health? Is he pretty rugged?"

"His health's all right; he's had trouble with his legs, but he's getting well. Doctor Jackson—"

"Doctor Billy Jackson? I know him well. You are a patient of his, then, my boy?"

"He's collectin' nephews," said Charlie. "I'm one of his specimens." The superintendent laughed.

"I will tell you, Mr.—did I catch your name? Thomas? I will tell you, Mr. Thomas. Here at Minot House we don't start out with a boy or a girl on a theory that he or she has what you call 'talent'; that remains to be seen. Sometimes parents are altogether mistaken in this matter of natural aptitude. If you want this young man to go to school to us for a year, we will tell you at the end of that time whether he has the talent you now believe, if he has it in a degree which will make it profitable to develop. You can't tell—perhaps he has another talent you have overlooked."

It surprised Sam to learn that the faculty of Minot House thought it necessary to teach a person Latin and Greek and familiarize him with the sagas of Iceland in the process of finding out whether a boy could be taught to draw a picture of Our Hero making love to Our Heroine under the Gnarled Oak in Father's Pasture Lot. But he calculated that they knew more about it than he did; maybe it was like the course of physical training Doctor Billy had put Charlie through before the operation that had given him his now quite useful pair of legs. Sam was content to let experts know their own business.

And so Charlie became a Minot House boy. Daily, with his happy face glowing with the zest of life in its frame of blonde curls and his odd, deceptively hesitant gait, he trod the academic path. He made little difficulty with the studies outlined for him, but he was utterly blissful only when he worked in one of the great skylighted studios, learning the rudiments of art by means of the cube, the cylinder, and the "block hand" with its flat planes of light and shadow.

The life of Minot House got into this boy's blood. Of all the pupils, whose ages ranged from his own to that of the average person at college graduation, not one lacked the incentive of a definite goal.

"Mary Alice," he would say, "at Minot House everybody's a kind of Galahad Knight. They don't all know it, but they're all on a quest of the Grail. Maybe it isn't the same Grail for everybody, but I guess it amounts to the same thing."

"Charlie, you're a wonder," said Mary Alice. "I never saw such an old-headed child!"

Mary Alice was nineteen. She had been through high school and thought her education was complete. She was back in "the gloves" at Stacey's. Minnie and Sadie and Grace had long since gone the uncharted ways of matrimony. Mary Alice used to look up at the freckled little face in the armed turret, where she herself had formerly done up packages and "tubed" the sales slips and money, and wonder in what other ways the bundle girl's life paralleled her own.

The six years which had made a poised young woman out of the little girl whom Francis Willett had called "skinny" had certainly robbed her of no fraction of her good looks. Lem Brown stood more in awe of his handsome daughter than ever. You couldn't imagine Mary Alice hauling a cartload of washing up Clipper Hill, and Lem couldn't imagine himself issuing any orders that she was in the

least bound to respect; and yet he had never, since the days of his rehabilitation, expressed a wish which she had not met promptly and cheerfully.

Lem was and always would be a private soldier, and a good one. He never would be an officer in any kind of army. He had taken orders from Sam Thomas since the very beginning of their relation, which was still that of man and master.

Lem knew as much about Sam's business of dairying as the Boss. Sometimes Sam would compliment Lem by telling him he sure couldn't get along without him. And Lem would always answer: "Oh, I don't know. I guess you could."

He was a glutton for work. He saved Sam the necessity of hiring extra help, except at harvest time; and Sam was just. He paid Lem, not on a day-labor basis, but in proportion to his own prosperity. The little white house had not only plenty of green grass; it had flowers in beds, rioting in old-fashioned profusion, and carefully tended vines that flamed with color in season. Lem had money in the bank.

Sometimes Sam would walk out on a Sunday afternoon and stand on top of the rocky knoll in the old pasture lot. He would survey his well-tilled acres with a soothing satisfaction; then his eyes strayed along toward the five-acre corner piece, where stood the Brown cottage, which Lem had bought and nearly paid for. In another two years Lem's title would be all free and clear. Sam could see little Dick Brown sitting on the back porch with his father.

"I did that," Sam would say to himself, "Marthy and Charlie and me. We took that lump o' mud and made a man out of it. If I never do another thing's long as I live, I guess nobody can say I haven't helped this old world a little. Lordy! Wasn't Lem a mess them first three or four months! Love and a square-toed boot

—that's a winnin' combination, all right."

Then his eye would swing off to-war! Sheffield, where the lazy vapors of banked fires lay drifting over the city.

"There's only two things in that town I got any real respect for," said Sam to Martha one day "That's the Clipper Hill Hospital and Minot House. Sheffield's a fine city, they say. I hear that even in New York there ain't a handsomer hotel than the Wal'emere. But last time I was in the city I walked past the hotel, and just as I got opposite them doors that spin around like a windmill, out comes three young fellers—nice lookin' boys as you ever saw—and every one of 'em's foolish with drink. They giggled and tee-heed and sky-larked like a passel o' girls, bumped into fol's, and had everybody lookin' at 'em. Some people laughed, and one old feller says: 'Oh, well, boys'll be boys, I s'pose,' just as if them actions was necessary to a proper up-bringin'. I says to him: 'I guess they will; and likewise, boys'll be men. The question is, what kind of men will they be?' The older feller looked at me's if I was somethin' escaped. I felt sorter sheepish, preachin' to a stranger like a parson in a pulpit. So I walked off. I don't care, though, may be I set him thinkin'.

"Right 'round the corner from Minot House is Calvert Street and the beginnin' of the Devil's Truck Patch. Ain't it the strangest thing them two can exist in the same town? The people of Sheffield went crazy when the Wal'emere was built. Even John Willett put a lot of money into the company; he's a big stockholder, I hear. 'Oh,' says everybody, 'it's a grand thing for Sheffield to have the handsomest hotel in the country.'

"Then old Minot founded Minot House. All the people got up again and cheered and patted each other on the back and says: 'Oh, ain't it grand for Sheffield to have the most won-

derful free inst'ution of learnin' in the country!'

"And t' other night, when I was comin' out in the trolley, a feller sittin' next to me was talkin' to another man, and he says: 'Why, we got a tougher district right in Sheffield than they have in New York or Chicago: we call it the Devil's Truck Patch, and every third door is a saloon.' He spoke in just exactly the same proud, braggin' tone of voice he'd have used to describe the new city hall or Minot House. He lumped 'em all in the same catalogue of distinguishin' features that make Sheffield some town."

"There's one other place in Sheffield I've got respect for besides those you mentioned," said Martha, "and that's Stacey's. I wish you'd give me about five dollars; I'm going to town to-morrow, shopping. You and Charlie both need some new shirts; I declare I don't know whether it's cheaper to make 'em or buy 'em."

Chapter XVIII

A LETTER FROM THE DEAN

"Boys will be boys!"

They will also be fools, was John Willett's thought on the day he got the letter from the dean. In every relation of life Willett had been successful, according to the standards of Sheffield; and the standards of Sheffield were pretty much those of the entire country. Sometimes he had suffered reverses, but they had been temporary; disappointments, but they had not persisted. One need not be surprised at the man's superabundant confidence in himself, since it had been so thoroughly justified year after year.

A blow at his pride affected Willett mentally as a blow at his solar plexus would have affected him bodily. He crumpled. Hodge, his secretary, entering with a wire basket of papers, came up all standing and exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Willett! What's the trouble? You aren't ill!"

Willett held out the letter to Hodge,

but, as the secretary would have taken it, drew it back.

"No, no," he said. "Never mind; it's—nothing. A little surprise, that's all."

He sat alone for a long fifteen minutes after Hodge had retired, reading and re-reading the letter and trying to think. This was unbelievable; there was a mistake somewhere. It couldn't be his boy.

He went swiftly over the past six years in Francis's life. The boy had seemed to do well at school and afterward at college. Now he was a senior, twenty-one years old, at least twelve months below the usual age at graduation. He considered Francis quite precocious and had never ceased to be proud of him. Francis had always been Willett's "beautiful boy."

Of course he had been obliged, for Francis's sake, to deny himself many months of his son's society and comradeship each year. He had tried to make it up during the summers, planning his own vacations so as to have them fall with Francis's leisure days. Willett had found that this was not always easy, for the boy had other friends now, who claimed him for visits and journeys. But there had been two golden tours in Europe with Mrs. Willett and the boy; there had been a hunting trip in Canada; there had been the delightful two months spent at Stacey's mountain camp in Idaho.

If John Willett and his son had drifted away from each other—and John had to admit that in spite of it all this was measurably the case—the man argued that one must expect it. A boy can't be kept tied to his parents' front porch. Willett had many a time looked back to that farewell talk with Francis on the eve of the latter's departure for St. Michael's. He had been confident that his son had profited by the talk. There had been others, too; and John had felt each time that he was probing the depths of his boy's nature, touch-

ing him vitally with the right influence.

Once or twice Francis had got out over his head in money matters. His father, protesting mildly, had paid the few hundred dollars required to satisfy the demands of tailors and shoemakers, perhaps too freely patronized. They were always pestering college fellows to buy more, and John knew how easy it was to allow one's sartorial pride to get the better of one. There was no fundamental harm in wanting to wear good clothes. He remembered how fine Francis had looked on his last visit home—a boy to be proud of—or, rather, a man. And in less than a year, now, he had expected his son to come home and enter his own office. There was plenty of work to make an ambitious young fellow interestedly active.

But this letter from the dean! A few succinctly worded lines on a dignified letter-head, bearing the seal of the college, had swept away from the painstaking structure of years the very foundation of it all, and down tumbled the pleasant edifice in a jumble of broken hopes.

He read it once more.

Mr. John Willett,
Sheffield, M——,
MY DEAR MR. WILLETT:

It is my painful duty to inform you that your son, Francis Willett, became involved in a most unfortunate affair on the night of November 10, and his participation was of such a nature that it cannot be overlooked by the college authorities.

I will spare you unnecessary details, but will say that excessive indulgence in stimulants led three of our students to appropriate a public automobile which has resulted in arrest and arraignment upon several charges, including that of theft, disorderly conduct, reckless driving, and the operation of a motor vehicle while intoxicated.

It has been the fixed rule of the faculty that, in the absence of thoroughly extenuating circumstances, any students haled into court for misdemeanors should be dealt with most severely; and in the present instance I am left no alternative. The young man's resignation has been asked for and received.

I believe he secured release from custody under a suspension of sentence, and may consider himself most fortunate to escape far more serious consequences.

Regretting beyond expression the disappointment and chagrin which this occurrence must cause you, not only as a father, but as an alumnus, I remain,

Very respectfully yours,

WALTER J. HACKETT,

Dean of the College.

The door opened and Willett looked up. Francis had entered almost upon the heels of the postman who had brought the damning letter.

Very humbly and woefully the young man crossed the room and sank into a chair. He did not look at his father nor offer a hand in greeting. Willett surveyed his son steadily for some minutes without speaking.

"Did you—did you get a letter from the college?" asked Francis.

"Yes."

"Then there's no need of my telling you."

"I'm afraid there is not much that you can add, Francis. What will your mother say?"

Francis looked up quickly.

"Oh, dad,," he said, "does she need to know?"

"How shall we explain it to her?"

"Can't we—can't you—er—sort of smooth it over?"

"I have never been in the habit of deceiving your mother. I should not know how to go about it. Perhaps you would do it more skilfully."

Francis winced.

"Don't, please don't," he begged. "It wasn't such a—it wasn't so awfully bad. We didn't mean any harm. We weren't ourselves."

"Whose fault was that?"

"I—er—nobody's; it was the wine we had been drinking—everybody does it. We'd won a big football game, and we were celebrating—"

"Oh, celebrating. So to celebrate it is customary to disgrace yourself. And everybody does it, eh?"

"Why, almost everybody."

"Do you mean to tell me that all the worth-while students of your college

thought it their duty or their privilege to part with their self-respect just because a football game had been won by a few of you? Did those who had won the game do so? If anybody had the privilege of 'celebrating' I should think they were the ones."

"They couldn't; they're in training."

"Oh, that's it. I had an idea that everybody in college was in training—in training for life. I sent you there for just that purpose. Why should there be any essential difference in the training for a football game and the preparation for your future? Which is the more important? Answer me."

"The future, of course; but I haven't got any future now."

"Let us go back to your original proposition. You say 'everybody' does it. That isn't true. There are doubtless scores of fellows who don't; the majority, in fact. Isn't that so?"

"Oh, I suppose so; but—"

"But what? You mean to say the associates you chose all do it?"

"No, but—"

"Listen, Francis. You are crying baby, and it is almost as much disappointment to me to have you do that as it is to learn of your disgrace. Let us understand each other once and for all; or, rather, I wish you to understand me. You cannot blame anybody else for your trouble. You chose your own companions, your own road. You cannot lay it at the door of the college or college customs. Remember, I have been at college—the same college to which I sent you. 'Everybody' does not do this thing, this foolish 'celebrating.' There is no hope for you—as you say yourself, you have no future—if you make a silly, childish practice of dodging the responsibility for your own misconduct. That is all I have to say.

"Now I will try to do what I can to soften this thing for your mother. Meanwhile we will decide what you would better do. You must go to work, of course."

"Here in the office, with you?"

"No, not yet. I don't want you with me for the simple reason that you must learn to be independent. You will not amount to anything if you are at my beck and call. You have had one opportunity and have failed. Perhaps it was my fault in that I was too indulgent; I gave you too much money. Things came too easy. I will try to get you a place where you will earn just enough to live on. You may stop at home with us, if you like, but even then you must be entirely self-supporting. When you have learned how to handle your own affairs, even if they amount to but ten dollars a week, I will consider giving you a chance to handle some of mine.

"Now, Francis, I have no intention of preaching to you. I tried that. I don't say, 'Do this' or 'Don't do that.' You have had a lesson which may or may not teach you something. If it has taught you, perhaps it may turn out a blessing in disguise—a rather bitter blessing; like a quinine pill with the sugar coating on the inside. Your cure lies in taking your medicine like a man."

That ended the interview which had been too painful for either to wish to prolong it. Willett turned to the piled-up affairs on his desk and sighed. He had never sighed quite like that before. It occurred to him that he wasn't

a young man any more. He felt as if he had turned the three-score-and-ten milestone decades ago. Francis arose and approached the desk.

"Will you shake hands, dad?" he asked. "I'll do better."

The father looked up, and all at once the years rolled back and Francis was a little boy again. In those days he had sometimes had occasion to punish the little fellow; and always, when it was over, Francis had come to him, a penitent, and crept up to him and said he was sorry, and he "never would do it again." Willett would take him into his arms and forgive him and whisper encouraging things in his ear, and Francis would cry comfortably and be forgiven, and the hurt would be gone from both their souls.

But now the hurt would not go away. Yet, after all, Francis was his little boy, his only son; he had the same old yearning to hug him and tell him everything would be all right if he would be good. He took his son's proffered hand and pressed it silently.

"Very well," the pressure said. "See that you do. I have confidence in you yet."

But Francis did not cry. He went out, leaving his father feeling old again. John Willett blew his nose and attacked his work.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Folks Need a Lot of Loving

Folks need a lot of loving in the morning;

The day is all before, with cares beset—
The cares we know, and they that give no warning
For love is God's own antidote for fret.

Folks need a heap of loving at the noontime—

In the battle lull, the moment snatched from strife—
Half-way between the waking and the croon-time,
While bickering and worriment are rife.

Folks hunger so for loving at the night-time,

When wearily they take them home to rest—
At slumber-song and turning-out-the-light time—
Of all the times for loving, that's the best!

Folks want a lot of loving every minute—

The sympathy of others and their smile!
Till life's end, from the moment they begin it.
Folks need a lot of loving all the while.

—Strickland Gillilan, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Notes on Our History

By Delbert W. Parratt, B. S.

XXX.—THE FIRST TO LAKE HURON.—
CONTINUED.

Brule had already won himself into friendship with many of the savages, especially with Iroquet, a prominent Algonquin chief. When asked how he would like to take the "young boy" for the winter and bring him back the following summer, Iroquet seemed much pleased and promised to care for the youth as his own son. An agreement was soon made and the chief hurriedly communicated what he thought was good news to his assembled associates. However, his enthu-

having Brule learn their language and country, insisted upon the Indians taking him with them.

"Why," said Champlain, "does Iroquet, whom I look upon as my friend, refuse to take my boy with him? This, surely, is not acting as though he held me in esteem, when he refuses to carry out what he has promised and what could only result in good to his people. If he takes the boy, it would be the means of making us closer friends with each other and with their neighbors. If you will not take the lad as Iroquet has promised, I will never have any more friendship for you; for you are not children, to break your promise in this manner."

A quick response assured Champlain that his red friends were willing to take the boy but did not care to be held accountable in case of misfortune befalling him. A reasonable reply settled this apprehension and in consequence Iroquet, backed by other chiefs, again promised to adopt Brule for the winter and give to him the best of care and treatment.

At this point, however, the Indians showed themselves equal to such an occasion. "Since then," they responded to Champlain, "it is your request, we will take the lad with us and treat him as one of us; but we ask you to take one of our young men in his place to go with you to France. It will be pleasant for us to hear from him upon his return about the many fine things he has seen." To such a fair proposition Champlain gladly agreed, and to his care was intrusted a young Huron who seemed anxious for the opportunity. By this double agreement, each side was placed under additional responsibility to care for its ward, two interpreters instead of one were being schooled, and each nation could learn directly from one of its own numbers regarding the country and manners of



A moose in the dense forest lining the French River, suggestive of what Brule encountered while enroute to and from Lake Huron. Photographed by Mr. E. C. Becker.

siasm was depressingly modified when those present expressed grave doubt as to the wisdom of taking young Brule with them, lest some unforeseen accident or disease might befall him, causing Champlain to wreak vengeance upon the savages. At this profound expression, Iroquet dubiously made for Champlain to nullify the agreement. But Champlain, seeing advantages in

the other. And besides these, each party, of course, would feel a keen assurance that at the appointed time and place the other would be on hand to relinquish its ward and receive its brother.

After all formalities of parting were over, Champlain took his young Indian companion and with Pontgrave sailed down the St. Lawrence to Quebec. Shortly afterward the "white chief" and his "red boy," to whom was given the name of Savignon, pulled anchor for their voyage across the mighty deep to France.

And Brule went into the wilderness. Peculiar, indeed, must have been his feelings as he journeyed, at the complete mercy of strangers, farther and farther up the tree-lined Ottawa. But, from the very beginning, he seemed to be at comparative ease and readily yielded himself to his new associates and their primitive ways. They did all within their power to make him feel at home with them. Champlain, we must remember, had already won two decisive battles for these Indians in a manner that was nothing short of miraculous to them. Indeed, the Redskins regarded him as somewhat supernatural and in consequence felt a pressing obligation to care for Brule, his youthful servant and companion, in the very best manner possible. Under these favorable conditions, the "honored guest" soon became a "good Indian" and acquired such a liking for out-door life that he eventually took to living almost completely with the natives.

By pulling up stream and carrying over portages, the dusky, homeward bound warriors at length neared the Algonquin hunting grounds and villages. Here, after some celebrating, the two tribespeople parted and the Hurons, with Brule, pushed on up the romantic Ottawa. In due time beautiful Lake Nipissing was crossed and Nipissing Indian villages encountered. In these, Brule, of course, proved to be the center of attraction for, it must

be remembered, he was the very first white person to penetrate these regions and the first with whom Nipissing natives ever came in contact.

Upon leaving these hospitable natives, the white boy was taken down what is now called the French river and finally upon the broad lake of the Hurons. Then the party turned its canoes southward and paddled along the delightful east shore of Georgian Bay for more than a hundred miles to a well beaten portage track. Over this, the returning braves carried their valued canoes and necessary equipments and, after a few miles of en-



"Brule managed to learn considerable of their ways, traditions, and ideals."

chanted woodlands, arrived at their isolated villages.

During his winter's stay with the Hurons, young Brule managed to learn considerable of their ways, traditions, and ideals. He was ever on the alert for information relative to their territories, streams, lakes, and natural resources. With considerable difficulty he acquired a smattering of the Huron's queer language and it was some time before he was sufficiently skilled to carry on an intelligent con-

versation. But through thoughtful, painstaking effort he succeeded in this and eventually became the most proficient interpreter of all the early Frenchmen in New France.

While Brule was absorbing information regarding Indian life and the lake country, Champlain and Savignon had visited France and by the middle of May, 1611, had returned to Tadoussac. Soon thereafter they made their way up the St. Lawrence, beyond Quebec, to a place now called Montreal, and there Champlain set about building up the first important inland trading post ever in the wilds of Canada. Of this we made mention in our last note. The lonely post was only partially built, when Champlain found it necessary to leave with Savignon for "the great fall"—Lachine Rapids—at which noted rendezvous they had formerly agreed to meet Iroquet and there exchanged Savignon for Brule.

At the appointed time, in the middle of June, about two hundred dusky Hurons appeared upon the scene. Among them were Iroquet and two other stalwart chiefs, one named Ochateguin and the other Tregouaroti, the latter being a brother to Savignon. With these warriors came Champlain's young servant, dressed in Indian costume and gibbering his newly ac-

quired tongue. "I went," writes Champlain, "to meet them in a canoe with our savage." Brule, in splendid spirits, was returned to his master and Savignon, anxious to relate experiences, was given back to the Indians. "Then there was great rejoicing." The savage related, in glowing terms, his amazing journey to France and the extraordinary things witnessed abroad. He told of kind treatment received on every hand and expressed unstinted delight with his new French acquaintances.

Brule, likewise, lost no time in reporting to Champlain regarding the uniform kindness with which he was treated by both Algonquins and Hurons. His report also, of course, included a detailed account of the Ottawa river, Lake Nipissing, and especially Lake Huron.

In 1535, Cartier had heard of the Hurons and their wonderful lake, which he thought to be the sea, and Champlain had learned of the lake's existence from the Hurons themselves, but it remained for young Brule, who had actually been upon the lake and who could speak French, to give to Champlain and Europe the very first definitely reliable information concerning its location, size, and beauty.

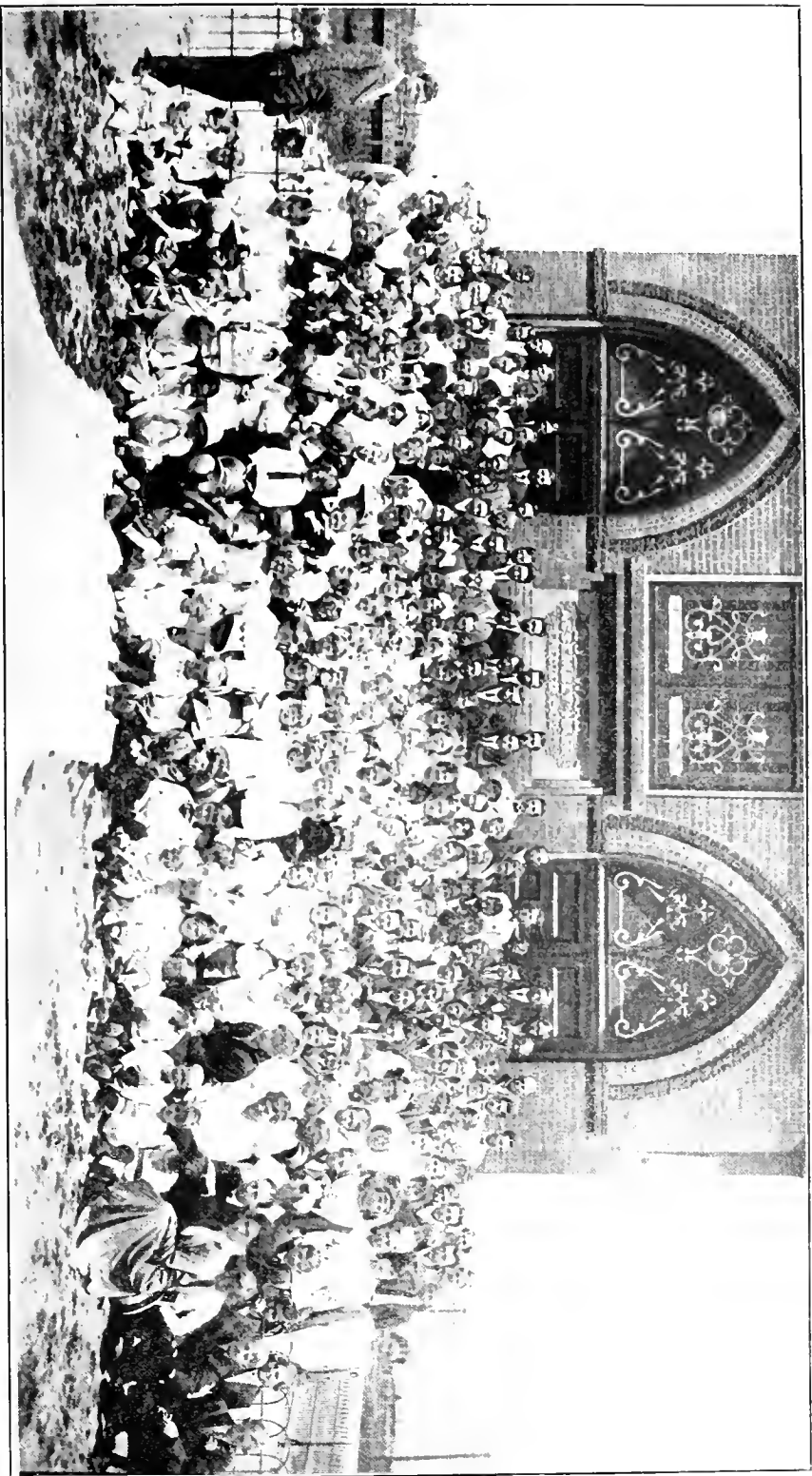
The Only Way to Win

It takes a little courage
And a little self-control.
And some grim determination,
If you want to reach a goal.
It takes a deal of striving,
And a firm and stern-set chin,
No matter what the battle,
If you're really out to win.

There's no easy path to glory,
There's no rosy road to fame;
Life, however we may view it,
Is no simple parlor game;
But its prizes call for fighting;
For endurance and for grit,
For a rugged disposition
And a "don't-know-when-to-quit."

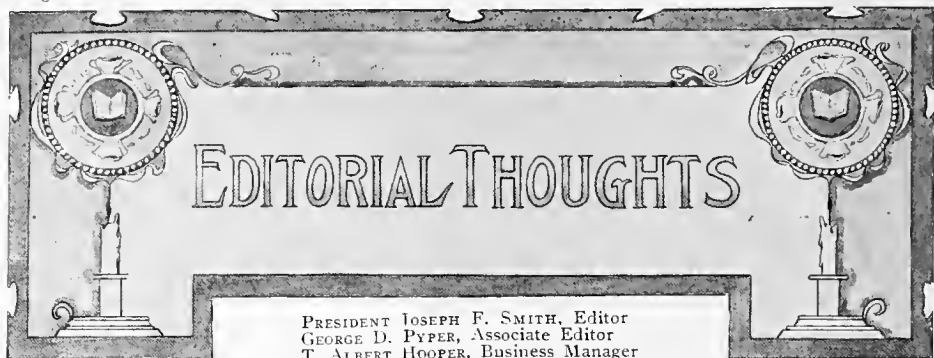
You must take a blow or give one,
You must risk and you must lose,
And expect that in the struggle
You will suffer from a bruise.
But you mustn't wince or falter
If a fight you once begin;
Be a man and face the battle—
That's the only way to win.

—Anon.



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SALT LAKE CITY, - JULY, 1916

Patriotism*

"Our sons and daughters should look forward with great pride to the year of their majority, when they shall be privileged to become citizens of this great republic; but it is hoped they may see the day dawn when men will be immortalized for achievements that aid in the comfort of mankind, rather

than for killing their fellows. The patriot of the future will not be the man of war, but the man of peace; not the man who can most successfully destroy, but the man who can save.

"A premium will be placed upon the achievements of loyal citizenship: upon that citizen who can not only protect his country with arms, but perform the sacred duty of citizenship fearlessly before God and man in an intelligent manner.

"It is a mark of high patriotism, indeed, to be willing to die for one's country, but the higher mark of true patriotism of the future will be shown by successfully and rightly living for one's country.

"This is an age of service; master minds today are seeking to serve humanity; and he who serves most does most. We had to live a long time to fully appreciate the patriots of the colonial days; later generations will celebrate the peaceful victories of the men of our day who are aiding in the perpetuation of our material independence.

"We can challenge the world to duplicate the achievements of America. Edison can touch a button and give light to multi-millions of homes. Vail can take down the receiver and talk to millions of his citizens, and McCormick can harvest the world's crops. We are favored with all manner of comforts and conveniences, the result of the genius of our great nation, and the untrammled freedom of the freest people of the greatest nation in the world."

*Excerpts from an oration delivered by Elder Andrew Kimball at Thatcher, Arizona, July 4th, 1915.

An Appreciation

Editor Juvenile Instructor:

I am a newcomer and business visitor in Utah, and chancing to pick up a copy of your exceptionally well-conducted magazine, and reading much of its contents quite carefully, I felt an impulse to wish to send sample copies to several of my friends in various sections of the country, as exhibiting genuinely and sincerely the fine spirit of helpfulness, neighborliness, cordiality, and aspiration for the best in life, and serious, sympathetic regard for the children and young people, seen on all sides here.

Anyone coming here as a stranger, and thoughtfully disposed toward the underlying promptings of the community and neighborhood activities going on about him, and especially if he be

fortunate enough to be invited to share some of the charming and insistent warm-hearted hospitality which old-time pioneer traditions seem to have made instinctive in the descendants of the desert path-finders—if he but get an intimate glimpse of the wholesome, sturdy life of these intermountain plateaus and valleys, of the considerateness and respect of the younger for the elder, the readiness to see another succeed and to wish him to prosper; if he come to realize, as I have done, that the thought and deed of those amongst whom I mingle are actuated by reverence of Life as Life born of Reverence of God, he will wish opportunity to convince his friends at a distance of the fine Americanism and family and civic culture of Utah and Utah's people.

JAY DINSMORE.

The Lay of the Daughter-in-Law

By Abigail Horne.

I sing the lay of the daughter-in-law.
The uncertain, imperfect daughter-in-law.
The gaily-unconscious, wily-untrapping
The man-catching girl, tiny or strapping—
Foolishly-prating, wildly extravagant—
Talkative-obstinate, wilfully-arrogant—
Selfishly-greedy, hopelessly-ignorant—
Powdery, paintery, daughter-in-law.

I croon the lament of the daughter-in-law.
The wholly-impossible daughter-in-law.
The misunderstood, deceitfully-petty,
Mistrustfully-watchful, anything-but-pretty—
Curiously-questioning, slipshod-at-waistband—
Unwilling to work aught save her young husband—
I pipe the tune of the daughter-in-law.

I pipe the tune of the daughter-in-law.
The adaptable, helpful daughter-in-law.
The charmingly-willing, thoughtfully-filling
The days with her labors, and saving-of-shillings—
The modestly-dressing, affection-expressing—
Hopefully-watchful, never-was-wasteful—
Respectfully-dutiful, calls mother-in-law beautiful—
Tactful, graceful, helpful, hopeful, careful,
Never-known daughter-in-law.

N. B. Eve achieved her daughters-in-law outside of paradise.



PUPILS OF PROVO SECOND WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL WITH RECORDS FOR
UNINTERRUPTED ATTENDANCE FROM ONE TO FIVE YEARS

From left to right, back row—Claud Cardell, three years; Clifford Hales, four years; Sarah Wride; Elsie Kimber, five years; Vera Durrant; Phoebe Kimber; LeRoy J. Olsen; Horace G. Olsen.

Second row—Dora Durrant; Ella Gale; Amelia Robbins; Hattie Monsen; Lucile Janson; Beulah Scott, two years; Arthela Gay.

Front row—Inez Jones; Jennings Scott, two years; Rnth Jones; Mabel Olsen; Willis Field; Mary Madsen was absent.

All except those designated have credit for one year's uninterrupted attendance.

Hark! Hark! 'Tis Children's Voices

From most pleasing recollections I hear their singing at the Franklin School, a block away to the northwest: the rich melody of their pure innocent child voices fill the air and make it vibrant with sweet strains.

There, some two hundred of them are expressing in song the innocence of childhood and the joy that attends them in their Sunday School gathering.

This group of twenty-one children who have taken part in the singing, put forth the claim, and it is acknowledged by their teachers, that they have been present in their classes every Sunday in the year 1915, and some have records of longer attendance.

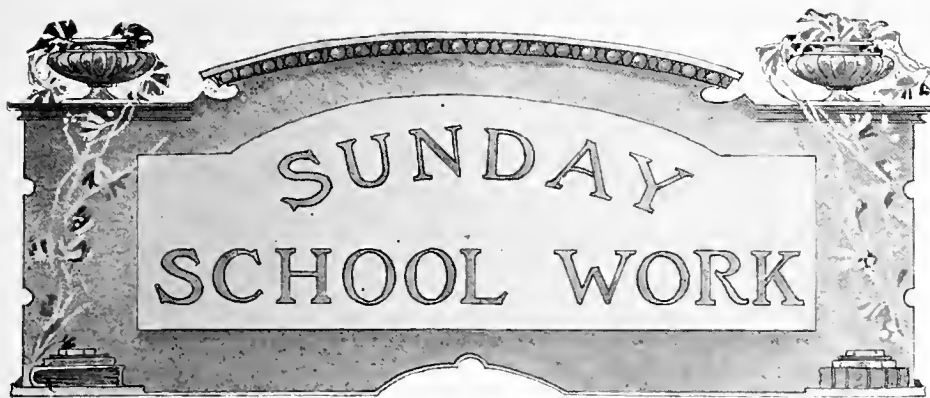
This is not only an evidence of the children's punctuality, but also of the

great and wise interest taken by the parents in preparing them to appear with such regularity. The parents will no doubt be rewarded for this attention.

We have noticed in many of the biographies of the younger leading officials of the Church, that many of them have taken marked interest in Sunday School work, not only as attendants, but in after years prominent workers therein. Many of the High Priest, in their testimony bearing, give credit to the good influence of the Sunday School, in aiding them to an earlier appreciation of the gospel.

There is no doubt that the children who compose this beautiful group, will, in the future, acknowledge the beneficent influence of the early impressions made on their minds in their Sunday School.

ALBERT JONES.



Teacher-Training Department

Conducted by Milton Bennion, Howard R. Driggs and Adam S. Bennion.

Lesson 1. Practical Problem

Side Lights or Lesson Setting

Lesson II. The Use of Symbols

Brumbaugh, "The Making of a Teacher," Ch. X.

Common nouns are symbols of concepts which the mind builds through experience. The building of such concepts is a large factor in mental development. Breadth of experience and sound judgment in relating experiences are necessary to educational advancement, which culminates, on the intellectual side, in knowledge of laws or principles. Natural science aims at the discovery of the laws of nature; social science, at discovery of the laws of society and social institutions; religion, at discovery of the laws of God, especially as they apply to man's eternal welfare.

It is the business of the Sunday School teacher to develop, in the mind of the pupil, this power of generalization in the field of religion, that his concepts of religion may be true and adequate, and not simply words or terms with little meaning attached. In order that these concepts may be adequate the teacher must use an abundance of illustrative material and thus build up in the child a wider experience. This will give an increased power of apperception, or ability to apprehend new ideas in their true relations.

Lesson Side Lights

[By A. S. Bennion.]

The lesson, if it is to serve its full purpose in promoting faith among our

boys and girls, ought to be enriched from every possible source. So much good material is being constantly given to the world by its master minds that no teacher need be at a loss to find a rich fund of information on almost any subject.

Newspapers, magazines, text-books, and numerous other publications offer daily to the wide-awake teacher an abundance of material rich in possibilities for stimulating an interest in the minds of pupils. We declare in one of our Articles of Faith that if there is any thing good in the world we seek after it. Certainly the world is full of good, helpful information.

The lesson itself may be built up about a single stanza, but in building it up the teacher may read pages of supplementary material. Considerable time is required for such preparation, of course, but the teacher who hopes for success may as well put it down once for all that success in Sunday School teaching can only attend good, thoughtful, thorough preparation.

For the teacher who would really vitalize his teaching, the following suggestions are possibilities: (1) maps, (2) pictures, (3) stories, (4) special features.

1. Maps. There is scarcely a class engaged in Sunday School work that cannot use a map to very great advantage, and yet there are scores of classes in which a map is never seen. How much more a journey of the Pioneers must mean to boys and girls, if they actually locate the various camps along the way; if they have presented to the eye, as well as the ear, the wonderful achievement of that march across a continent. To say that our forefathers left

the Mississippi on a certain date and arrived in Salt Lake Valley on another, may mean much, but how weak such an impression must be as compared with one produced by tracing on a map (preferably one drawn by the pupil himself) the desolate path through a wilderness. Or, in a class in Old Testament history, how much easier it is to follow the wanderings and conquests of Israel when they can be clearly pointed out on a map. And so with practically every subject taught. And the map need not be an elaborate or costly one. Make a crude one; or, better, have the pupils make their own. The important thing is to have a map that answers the particular purpose of the class. Fifty men think of doing a good thing, twenty-five begin to do it, one actually does it. With which number do you find yourself in the matter of maps?

2. Pictures. An artist often drives home a truth in a picture as it can be driven home in no other way. His inspiration catches up our spirit as we see the magic of his brush. Many a character has been determined by the impress of a striking picture, and there are so many beautiful ones offered us today at such little cost. Stake Boards can render very effective service in securing from art publishing companies pictures illustrative of Sunday School work, that might open up wonderful possibilities. Lead the children to watch for pictures in magazines, start class albums or scrap-books, and it will be surprising how soon you will have a fascinating collection.

3. Stories. All the world loves a story. No normal boy or girl can resist a good one. The story is one of the most forceful agencies in teaching. This fact is often illustrated in the fact that teachers, despairing of success with a Bible lesson, hurry over the lesson proper to take up a continued story or a more or less thrilling magazine article. The tendency is natural but the solution is at fault. From among the infinite stories of merit, surely those can be selected which instead of distracting the attention from the truths of the lesson in hand, give them new life and reality. If the theme of the lesson is to be faith or honesty, or charity—let the stories of

the day be stories illustrative of these virtues. Surely, there are stories enough on these and all other subjects. The trouble lies in the fact that we are content when we find an interesting story whether it serves our purpose or not. Use stories, of course; use them freely; but select them—use them to stimulate interest in the lesson truth; and remember that the teacher need not tell all the stories. Cultivate in the pupils an ability to narrate interesting experiences.

4. Special Features. Many teachers succeed wonderfully well because they always have something new for their classes. All the world is a storehouse for them, and they draw from it such a variety of novelties that pupils constantly wonder "what next." Clippings from magazines, selected poems, cartoons, diagrams, and any number of other devices add enthusiasm to our work.

Occasionally special lecturers may be invited into a class to give it a new point of view. How much fervor, for instance, can be put into Church History work by a talk from one of our few remaining pioneers. Let the class occasionally work up its own program. Set them at the task of preparing special features for particular days. It is surprising what suggestions they can offer and work out.

In these days of specialization items of special interest can be found at almost every turn. We just need to incorporate them into our work.

Some one has said that the first two essentials in the equipment of a good teacher are a pair of scissors and a scrap book. At any rate, the suggestion is worthy of consideration that as we prepare to teach we establish the habit of collecting interesting material and of filing it away supplementally, so that it will always be ours.

What serves our purpose well today may help do so a year hence, and as we collect and file our fund of available material constantly increases. But we need to *establish the habit*. Let the class occasionally work up its own program. Set them at the task of preparing special features for particular days. It is surprising what suggestions they can offer and work out.

Gospel of Labor

This is the gospel of labor—sing it, ye bells of the kirk—

The Lord of Love came down from above to live with the men who work.

This is the rose that he planted, here in the thorn-cursed soil,

Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of work is toil.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and Stephen L. Richards

SACRAMENT GEM FOR AUGUST, 1916

(D. S. S. Songs No. 281)

Again we meet around the board
Of Jesus, our redeeming Lord;
With faith in His atoning blood,
Our only access unto God.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR AUGUST, 1916

SUBJECT: WORD OF WISDOM

(Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 89, verses 18 to 21)

The leader should briefly explain the provisions of the Word of Wisdom, and call for a response to the question: "What does the Lord promise to those who obey this Word of Wisdom?" The school should then repeat the following:

"And all Saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel, and marrow to their bones.

"And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures;

"And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint;

"And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen."

UNIFORM LESSON FOR AUGUST, 1916

Subject: The Word of Wisdom

General Exercises

1. Organ music.
2. Abstract of minutes.
3. Notices.
4. Song, "The Gushing Rill," No. 43.
5. Prayer.
6. Sacramental Song.
7. Sacrament gem.
8. Administration of Sacrament, during which organist should play "Sacramental," by Tracy Y. Cannon, page 391, *Juvenile Instructor*, June, 1916.
9. Concert Recitation, as printed above for August, 1916, with preliminary explanation as suggested.
10. Song, "In Our Lovely Deseret," No. 114.
11. Department work.

Outline for Class Teachers

Adapt the following outline to the capabilities of each class:

The Word of Wisdom

Text: To be sent greeting—not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation and the word of wisdom, showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all Saints in the last days. Given for a principle with promise, adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all Saints, who are or can be called Saints.—Doc. and Cov. 89:2,3.

- I. Sanctity of the Body (1 Cor. 3:16; 6:19; 2 Cor. 6:16; Doc. and Cov. 93:35).

II. Daniel and the Princes of Israel. Let a pupil, previously assigned, briefly relate how Daniel and his three associates—princes of Israel—who were captives of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, having been apportioned a daily provision of the king's meat and wine, that they might grow strong and wise, preferred the simple diet of the Israelites, which God approved; that "at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer, and fatter in flesh than all the

children which did eat of the portion of the king's meat." Then let the class repeat Daniel 1:17:

"As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom; and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams."

III. Special Revelation to the People in the Present Dispensation.

1. "A Word of Wisdom"—the Lord's own designation (Doc. and Cov., sec. 89; read the entire revelation).
2. A warning and a protection against evil designs (paragraph 4).
3. Intoxicating drinks to be avoided (Doc. and Cov. 89:5-7; compare 27:3, 4; see also Proverbs 20:1; 23:29-32; Ecclesiastes 10:16, 17; Isaiah 5:11, 12; 28:7; Hosea 4:11; Micah 2:11; Luke 21:34; Ephesians 5:18; Timothy 3:2, 3; 1 Peter 4:3).
4. Hot drinks condemned (Doc. and

Cov. 89:9). Observe that the interpretation placed upon this scripture by the presiding authorities of the Church makes specific application to the use of tea and coffee).

5. Tobacco not good for man (paragraph 8).
 6. Flesh to be used but sparingly as human food (paragraphs 14, 16, 17; compare 59:16-20).
 7. Fruits of the earth to be used by man (Doc. and Cov. 89: 9-11, 14, 16, 17; compare 59:17-20; see also B. of M. Alma 46:40).
- General reference, "The Articles of Faith," Lecture 26.
12. Reassembly. Special music.
 13. Brief testimony on "Results of Keeping the Word of Wisdom."
 14. Song and Benediction.

Secretaries and Treasurers' Department

George D. Pyper, General Secretary; John F. Bennett, General Treasurer

Suggestive Program for July Union

1. Unfinished business.
2. Marking Class Rolls (Paper by Ward Secretary).
3. Study of "Jesus, the Christ," as outlined for the fourth year Theological department.

Reports

Remember, ward secretaries, that there is a postal card report due from you each week to the stake officers. Stake secretaries are dependent upon this, and they, in turn, should not forget the report due the general secretary, monthly. Nothing will keep ward and stake secretaries "up to date" more than a prompt and faithful performance of this duty.

The Home-Maker

I kiss my hand to the morning star
And call "Arise!" to the sun,
Off on my orbit I've swung afar
Ere he has his course begun.

Through open windows the breeze new born
Comes rollicking, fragrant, free,
And all the glories of early morn
Are glowing for mine and me.

In cheerful kitchen the kettle sings,
There's sizzle, there's sav'ry smell,
And all of the little homey things
Are doing their duties well.

Under the magic of my hands, too,
The wheat flour turns to bread,
The brown beans change to a nectar brew,
And so are my loved ones fed.

A kiss for my good man at the gate—
That never his love flame cool;
A swift caress for each curly pate—
To shorten the road to school.

And then while my broom and needle fly
And my washtub sparkles foam,
I sing, "Oh, blessed of women, I!
For I am the Heart of the Home!"

—*New York Times.*

Choristers and Organists' Department

Joseph Ballantyne, Chairman; Horace S. Ensign, Geo. D. Pyper and Edward P. Kimball

Little Violet

Words and Music by Douglas Brian

1. Lit - tle vio - let sweetly hid - ing In thy ver - dure's love - ly green,
2. Lit - tle vio - let, how I love thee, With thine eyes so bright and blue,
3. Lit - tle vio - let, art thou hap - py, Growing in thy verdure green?
4. One whose eyes are blue as thine art. And her lips are like a rose,
5. And perhaps you'll see the se - cret, As her eyes look in - to thine

Hold thy face up to the sunshine, That thy bright eyes may be seen.
All adorned with sparkling diamonds, Made of heaven's purest dew.
Lit - tle vio - let may I take thee To a love - ly flow - er queen?
Lit - tle vio - let may I take thee Where this queen of flow - ers grows?
That I of - ten long to see there, As her eyes look in - to mine.

My Native Land

(MALE QUARTET)

Words and Music by Douglas Brian

1. See thou my na - tive land, The sweetest of the earth;
2. Land of the brave and true, The dear land of the free,

Waive thou her star - ry flag, In hon - or of her birth,
Ev - er the Stars and Stripes Shall my pro - tec - tion be;

Raise thou a heartfelt cheer In hon - or of her fame,
I love my country dear, So no - ble and so grand,
O my A - mer - i - ca, I love thy glorious name.
O my A - mer - i - ca, My own dear native land.

Appropriate Music as Means of Increasing the Effectiveness of the Opening Exercises

[By Edward P. Kimball]

- I. Purpose of music in worship.
- II. Its effect—
 1. On the individual.
 2. On the body of worshippers.
(Do you insist on the organist playing something really worth listening to, and do you see to it that the school listens when it is played?)
- III. The great importance of the opening exercises. (The effect of the lesson material in the class depends largely on the spiritual attitude of the pupil, brought about by the opening exercises. What farmer would attempt to plant seed before first preparing the soil?)
- IV. The effectiveness of the opening exercises can be increased by—
 1. The organist choosing appropriate selections for every phase of the work.
 2. The chorister knowing the contents of the songbook and keeping himself in touch with the calendar, the lesson material of the school, the weather outside, the dispositions of the officers and teachers and pupils on the inside—in a word, by being awake and in keeping out of a rut in choosing songs.
 3. Most of all, by choosing timely and appropriate songs. (To assist in this we published in the

January, 1916, issue of the *Juvenile Instructor* a classification of the songs in the *Sunday School Song Book*. Have you used it? Inappropriate songs destroy the effect of the opening exercises proportionately more than appropriate ones add to it for the simple reason that it is easier to detract the attention from a subject than to hold the attention to it.)

4. Co-operation of the superintendency and teachers with chorister and organist to put into practice and effect the efforts and labors of the music department.

(It would achieve wonderful results in promoting quiet and worship if teachers would be in their places before the organist begins to play, and would draw the attention of the children, large and small, to the music. This would make the pupil attentive and the organist particular.)

Choristers and organists! On you rests in great measure the responsibility of creating the spirituality of the Sunday School. Do not ease up for a moment—nothing worth while is accomplished without effort. Remember that monotony causes sleep; that a worm is about the only thing that cannot fall down; and that new rubber hounds best, and that it bounces higher the harder it is thrown down. Why not show this outline to your superintendency?

Parents' Department

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter and E. G. Goveans

WORK FOR AUGUST

Regular Lessons

Make a careful study of chapters 6 and 7 from "Religious Education in the Family."

Lesson 1. The Needs of Youth (Pages 183-187.)

Let your discussion develop these striking thoughts: "The home is for the young people as well as for the younger ones. But the very period when they slip from church and school, is also the period when they are often lost to the real life of the family."

How can the boy and the girl be given at home the thing they most need and seek away from it?

What are the needs of youth the home can provide? Discuss here:

(a) **The Physical Needs.** Says our author: "This is a period of physical adjustment. The apparent moodiness of children that at times characterizes this period may be due to poor health." What can parents do for youth to tide them through this trying period and make them physically strong for the moral and spiritual battle to come?

(b) **The Social Needs of Youth.** "The social nature must have its food." What can the home do to provide for the proper social activities for young people? At a certain home a number of young folk were having a jolly time. "How in the world can you stand their racket?" asked a neighbor of the mother. "I'd rather stand their racket and have them near me, than to lie in my bed worrying when they are away. My home belongs to my children as well as to father and me, and I want them to enjoy it with their friends." What provision should every home make for the social side of child-life? Offer some practical suggestions here.

(c) **Keeping the Friendship of Your Children.** Discuss the thoughts of the author, "We imagine that our older children are indifferent with us; the trouble is we are hidden from them. We seldom give them a chance to talk as friend to friend, not about trifling things, but about life itself and what it means."

How can parents enter into the lives of their children and guide them tactfully towards higher things? How can they best keep their children's confidence and friendship?

Lesson 2. The Needs of Youth

Begin with the topic, page 187, "At the door of a new world," and discuss the remainder of this chapter.

Keep clearly before you in the discussion these vital points: In the matter of courtship, "If you treat this essentially sacred step as a joke it will not be strange if the young people follow suit and take marriage as a yet larger joke."

"Make them feel, though you need not say it, that they are at the threshold of a temple. If to you this is an affair of the spirit, it will be a matter of religion to them."

How can parents best direct their children in this mating instinct? What can be done to bring to courtship and marriage a greater feeling of reverence? Why should parents stand firmly for temple marriages?

The problem of amusements in the family has been so frequently discussed that we need not emphasize the point, at this time.

Lesson 3. For Calendar Sunday

Take the subject, "The Family and the Church."

Some of the suggestions of Chapter 12 will be found helpful in directing this discussion. But this chapter deals with churches in general and the points made therein are not always closely applicable to our own conditions.

Let your discussion bring out in clear relief these points: Our Church is a part of our lives—not apart from them. It is our duty to serve it, not so much because we shall help the Church by so doing, but because in serving God we serve ourselves. We need the Church more than it needs us. The Church is our opportunity for spiritual self-expression.

The Church is helpful to the home in implanting religious ideals of conduct just in proportion to the help the home brings to the Church. One sustains the other.

What can the parent best do to uphold the Church and thereby assure themselves and their children the help the Church can best give?

How best can church going habits be fostered by the home?

What home habits are keeping people from doing their full duties as church members?

Make this lesson practical and vital to our every day religious duties.

Parents' Library. No book is recommended for September. It will be well to take time now to check up the reading and book circulation and to see that the books already purchased are kept moving.

Theological Department

Milton Bennion, Chairman; John M. Mills, Geo. H. Wallace, Edwin G. Woolley, Jr., and Elias Conway Ashton

Second Year—Lives of the Apostles

[By Edward H. Anderson.]

Lesson 22. The Church at Antioch

Rise of the Church in Antioch. We have mentioned before that under the persecution which arose after the death of Stephen, the disciples who were scattered abroad went also to Antioch, so that, outside of Jerusalem, this city was among the earliest and most influential seats of the teachings of our Savior. It was in this city that those who were driven out of Jerusalem, some of them Jews from Cyprus and Cyrene, preached the Lord Jesus to the Grecians (Acts 11:20). The best authorities agree that, while Grecians, in Acts 11:20, may mean Hellenists or Grecian Jews, the preaching certainly proceeded among the non-Jewish population also, and that with much success; for there was a large community of believers in Antioch who were composed mainly of uncircumcised foreigners who mingled with the believing Jews on terms of equality. The hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number believed and turned unto the Lord.

Antioch. The city of Antioch is located, as one may see from the map, on the Orontes. This is the chief river in northern Syria which rises between Lebanon and Anti Lebanon, flows some 250 miles past Antioch and empties into the Mediterranean about latitude 36° north. The ancient city was located about fifteen miles from the sea and was of great importance compared with the present unimportant modern town, Antakia, with a population of about 12,000. It was founded about 300 years B. C., and was the capital of Syria until about 65 B. C. It rose to great splendor, and was called "The Crown of the East," and frequently, "Antioch the Beautiful." During the early Roman empire it was a famous commercial center and, after Rome and Alexandria, the most important center of the Empire. Being crowded with a mixed population bent upon trade with cities both east, towards the cities of the desert, and west, to the Graeco-Roman world, it was a specially favorable and important place for the faith to be carried by report in every direction. Not far from Palestine, it could, at the same time, remain in touch with the Church

where the Twelve were seated in Jerusalem.

How long after the death of Stephen the missionary work began, is not recorded. Neither do we know how long it continued before it attracted the attention of the Apostles in Jerusalem. It may have been a year or two before the fifth, or the Herodian, persecution that "these things came unto the ears of the Church (Acts 11:22; 12:1) which was in Jerusalem."

Barnabas is Sent to Antioch. When the tidings of this great work in Antioch became generally known to the Church in Jerusalem, Barnabas was sent by the Apostles on a mission north as far as Antioch to look after the interests of the converts. This shows that the central Church, as was proper, held authority over the churches in their scattered condition. Not only the apostles, but other missionaries also, were thus sent out to preach the word and to look after the churches.

Barnabas, "the son of Consolation," as he was named by the apostles, was the Joses, a Levite of Cyprus (Acts 4:36) who sold his land and laid the price at the apostles' feet (Acts 4:37). Being from Cyprus, he was naturally chosen to look after the work which had thus originated, at least in part, with his own countrymen. But this was not all; "he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," (Acts 11:24) all of which gave him high repute among the brethren at Jerusalem. That the choice proved a wise one and directed of the Spirit, was shown in the results of his labors and his further wonderful missionary association with Paul.

Barnabas, according to a legend, and remember it is a legend, was martyred at Cyprus, 61 A. D. His day is celebrated by the Greek, Roman and Anglican Church on the 11th of June. This date being in the time of the hay harvest, his symbol is a rake. The day was formerly celebrated by great feasts among the English people.

Labors of Barnabas at Antioch. When Barnabas reached Antioch and saw among the people the grace of God, he was delighted with the genuine character of the Gentile converts. "He exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord" (Acts 11:23). Evidently he made no attempt to exact conformity to the law of circumcision or other requirements of the Jew-

ish law. He appreciated naturally the movement among the Gentiles, just as Peter had been led to accept it through a revelation of God.

It will be remembered that after Paul's conversion, and following his first introduction to the church in Damascus and Jerusalem, he went to his home city, Tarsus, on the coast of Asia Minor. Barnabas, familiar with Paul's commission to the Gentiles, and needing help, now went after Paul, brought him to Antioch, introduced the future apostle of the Gentiles to the converts, and for a whole year the two men joyfully labored together with greater results than ever before. They assembled themselves with the converts and taught much people (Acts 11:26), and thus together established the first Gentile Church, and brought it into harmonious relations with the Church at Jerusalem. In this field, Barnabas and Paul began the expansion of the faith outside of Judaism, which it was destined they should carry on together and separately for years and years to come. They formed a friendship for each other and their common cause that only once was strained but never broken!

The Disciples first called Christians in Antioch. Luke in his record (Acts 11:26) notes that the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch. This name, which must have originated with the Gentiles, or those who were not of Judah, implies that their faith was no longer considered a Judaic religion, the name itself distinguishing them from the Jews. The disciples of Christ, up to this time, had called themselves "believers," or "brethren" (Acts 9:30; 10:23), "those of the Way" (Acts 9:2), or simply "disciples" (Acts 6:1, 2, 7; 9:10, 19, 26). But the title Christians now speedily became theirs, and, as they were more and more separated from Judaism, the title, which at first may have been used in derision, became naturally a welcome one. The Jews still called them Nazarenes (Acts 24:5), though Agrippa called them Christians, evidently because he had heard of the term coined in Antioch.

Antioch sends Relief to the Poor in Jerusalem. As an indication of the amiable relations between the two churches, we have the incident recorded by Luke of the prophets who came to Antioch from Jerusalem. One of these, Agabus, predicted a great famine throughout all the world. (See Josephus, "Antiq." 20: 2:5; and 5:2; read note to 2:5). This prophecy, delivered perhaps in 43 A. D., it is believed, came to pass in about A. D., 44-46, in the days of Claudius Caesar; and we are told that every man

according to his ability determined to send relief unto the brethren which dwelt in Judea; which also they did, and sent it to the elders by the hands of Barnabas and Saul (Acts 11:27-30), the two men to whose labors the Church at Antioch owed the most.

On one other occasion it is recorded of this same prophet, Agabus, that he made a prediction concerning Paul's imprisonment in Jerusalem, though this did not divert Paul from his journey (Acts 21:10, 11). We hear no further of him, although there are traditions that he was one of the Seventy disciples of Christ, and that he suffered martyrdom at Antioch.

Prophets in the Early Church. The importance of the incident just related of Agabus lies in the fact that the early church believed in prophets. Prophecy was a chief endowment which was bestowed upon the Church after Pentecost. Frequent mention is made of this gift in the literature of the apostolic period. (See Acts 13: 1; 15:32; 21:10; 1 Cor. 12: 28, 29; 14:29, 32, 37; Eph. 2:20; 3:5; 4:11; Rev. 10:7; 11:18; 14:6; 18:20-24; 22:6, 9). This gift of prophecy, and the existence of prophets in the Church in the days of the apostles, shows that it was an age of revelation. Besides having the teachings of Jesus, the disciples, or early Christians, believed that by revelation to prophets, God was continually enlightening them, and by this means communicating truth to them. While this gift belonged to the apostles, it was not confined to them, though they were the judges of the gift (Cor. 13:2; 14:16; Rev. 1:3; Acts 21:9; 1 Cor. 12:10; Rom. 12:6; 1 Cor. 14:29). It was clear that "upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets" were built the saints of the household of God (Eph. 2:19, 20).

In this connection let us refer to the 6th and 7th articles of our faith:

"We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive Church, viz.: apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc."

"We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc."

Lesson 23. The Church at Antioch (Continued)

The Herodian Persecution. About this time Herod Agrippa I, king over all Judea, a grandson of Herod the Great, and a son of Aristobulus, began his persecution of the Church, "stretched forth his hands," as Luke puts it "to vex certain of the Church" (Acts 12:1-4). It was the fifth persecution, since the 1st

ginning of the apostolic Church, and resulted in the utter rejection of the Gospel by the Jewish state. Herod was a brother of Herodias who was the cause of the murder of John the Baptist, and he died, according to Josephus ("Antiq." 19:8:2) "in the 54th year of his age, and in the 7th year of his reign," which would be in A. D., 44. Among the leading characteristics of his whole reign are his very friendly attitude toward the Jews, and his high regard for Jewish customs for which the Jewish historian, Josephus, is loud in his praise.

The Martyrdom of James. One of the first acts of Herod's persecution against the Church, was that he "killed James, the brother of John, with the sword." This happened shortly before the Passover, A. D., 44. James, who was one of the three leading apostles, thus became the first among the Twelve to suffer martyrdom. Though there is no mention of him during the past fourteen years since the crucifixion, we may depend upon it that it was the bold and uncompromising character of this staunch leader that had attracted the fierce anger of the Jews and their ruler and sympathizer, King Herod Agrippa. But a tradition would give us a glimpse also into the loving and forgiving nature which stamped him as one filled with the Spirit of Christ and his message of salvation. It is recorded by Eusebius, who quotes from Clemens Alexandrinus, that "the accuser of St. James was so much moved by his confession that he declared himself to be a Christian, and was carried off with him to execution. On the way thither he asked forgiveness of the apostle who, after a moment's hesitation, kissed him, saying, "Peace be unto thee." (See "Scribner's Dictionary of the Bible," Vol. 2, p. 540-1).

Herod, seeing that his murder of James pleased the Jews, evidently sought further to increase his popularity among them, by continuing to harass the Christian Church which was considered such a dangerous heresy by the Jews. Hence, "he proceeded further to take Peter also, and when he had apprehended him, he put him in prison, and delivered him to four quaternions of soldiers to keep him; intending, after Easter, to bring him forth to the people" (Acts 12:3, 4).

Peter's Deliverance from Prison. When the members of the Church heard of Peter's imprisonment, they prayed instantly and earnestly unto God for him, even as they had done on a former occasion. (Acts 4:23-31; also 2 Cor. 1:11; Eph. 2:18;) and their prayers were promptly answered.

While Peter was sleeping, bound in chains between two soldiers, and while the keepers of the prison stood at the doors, an angel of the Lord in a shining light came to Peter, smote him, raised him up and commanded him to arise quickly. While the messenger yet spoke, the chains fell from Peter's hands, who was told to gird himself, bind on his sandals, cast his garments about him, and follow the angel, which he did. Peter was so surprised that he knew not but that he saw a vision. When they had passed the first and second ward, they came to the iron gate which led to the city. The gate opened for them of its own accord, and they went out and passed on through one street, when the angel, as suddenly as he had come to deliver, left Peter alone to consider the miracle that had been performed in his behalf.

As soon as he could come to himself, he said: "Now I know of a surety that the Lord hath sent His angel to deliver me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews."

After considering his condition, he went to the house of Mary, the mother of John whose surname was Mark, where many of the saints were gathered together to pray. This Mark, it is generally assumed, was the author of the Gospel by that name, and at his pious mother's house the apostles made their home and often met for religious worship. John Mark the evangelist (Acts 12:12; 13:5, 13), was a companion of Paul, Barnabas, Peter, and Timothy and is the Mark of the Pauline epistles. John was his Hebrew name, but Marcus or Mark, was the name by which its bearer was most commonly known among those for whom the Acts was written (Acts 15:37; Phil. 1:24; 2 Tim. 4:11; 1 Peter 5:13). He is spoken of as the cousin of Barnabas (Col. 4:10), the Joseph Barnabas of Acts 4:36, of whom we have already heard many good deeds.

As Peter knocked at the door of Mary, the mother of Mark, a damsel named Rhoda answered, and, hearing Peter's voice, without letting him in, ran back and told how Peter stood at the gate. Forgetting the answer to their own prayers, they called her mad, and said it was his spirit. But they opened the door and to their great astonishment found it was Peter. He told them of his delivery by an angel of God from prison, and asked them to go and show these things to his brethren. He then went to another place fearing that, as this house of Mary was practically his home, they might seek for and find him here.

On the morrow there was great stir among the soldiers for they knew not where Peter was. When Herod sent for him, and found him not, the King commanded that the keepers should be led away to death (Acts 12:5-19).

The Death of Herod. Herod now went to dwell in Caesarea. While there he was highly displeased with the rulers of Tyre and Sidon, but they came to him, and desired peace, because their country was "nourished by the King's country," in other words, for the sake of business they desired peace. Then on "a set day, Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne and made an oration unto them. And the people gave a shout, saying, It is the voice of a God, and not of a man. And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory; and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost. But the word of God grew and multiplied" (Acts 12:20-24).

Josephus' Account of Herod Agrippa's Death. In his "Antiquities of the Jews," (Book 19:8:2) Josephus gives the following interesting account of the manner of the death of Herod:

"Now when Agrippa had reigned three years over all Judea, he came to the city Caesarea, which was formerly called Strato's Tower; and there he exhibited shows in honor of Caesar, upon his being informed that there was a certain festival celebrated to make vows for his safety. At which festival a great multitude was gotten together of the principal persons, and such as were of dignity through his province. On the second day of which shows he put on a garment made wholly of silver, and of a contexture truly wonderful, and came into the theatre early in the morning; at which time the silver of his garment being illuminated by the fresh reflection of the sun's rays upon it, shone out after a surprising manner, and was so resplendent as to spread a horror over those that looked intently upon him; and presently his flatterers cried out, one from one place, and another from another, (though not for his good,) that he was a god; and they added, 'Be thou merciful to us; for although we have hitherto revered thee only as a man, yet shall we henceforth own thee as superior to mortal nature.' Upon this the king did neither rebuke them, nor reject them, nor reject their impious flattery. But as he presently afterward looked up, * * * he fell into the deepest sorrow. A severe pain also arose in his belly, and began in a most violent manner. He therefore looked upon his friends, and said, 'I, whom you call a god, am commanded presently to depart this life;

while Providence thus reproves the lying words you just now said to me; and I, who was by you called immortal, am immediately to be hurried away by death.' * * * And when he had been quite worn out by the pain in his belly for five days, he departed this life."

Return of Barnabas and Saul from Jerusalem. Barnabas and Saul, who had been sent from Antioch with relief for the poor (Acts 11:29, 30), returned from Jerusalem, when they had fulfilled their ministry, and they took with them John whose surname was Mark (Col. 4:10). It is implied in the record that their visit to relieve the poor in Jerusalem, took place in the very year of the Herodian persecution, which, if so, may account for their brief stay, and for the fact that no mention is made of their having met any of the apostles there. The fact that Paul does not mention this visit in the first chapter of Galatians need not, as some commentators have thought, throw doubt on its occurrence. His statement (in Gal. 2:10), "Only they would that we should remember the poor; the same which I also was forward to do," is a natural indication that he had remembered the poor on a former occasion.

Lesson 24. First Missionary Journey of Paul and Barnabas

We come now to the third division of the Acts of the Apostles which treats principally of Saul, who is from now on called Paul (Acts 13:9), and his companions, in the three great missionary journeys which he accomplished. It deals also with his visits to Jerusalem and Rome, and recounts the incidents that took place there.

Tarsus. Not long after Saul's conversion and his first visit to the Twelve in Jerusalem, he returned to Tarsus, the city of his birth (Acts 9:30). Here he spent a number of years, until Barnabas, being called to Antioch, sought him in his home city (Acts 11:25) for further missionary work, and so brought him to Antioch, that great Syrian city, to help in the ministry there. It is generally conceded that his birth and early education in Tarsus of Cilicia, were important factors in preparing the Apostle of the Gentiles for his wonderful missionary career. Little is known of his early life here, hence, it is all the more necessary that we should know something of the city and the society in which he received his early impressions. Tarsus was situated in a rich and fertile plain, less than ten miles from the sea, and only slightly above sea level. The Cydnus river, which flowed through the city in

ancient times, broadened just below the city some distance into a lake which forms a harbor close to the sea. This has become in modern times a mere marsh, so that while in old times ships could be sailed directly into the city through the harbor and up the river, both, we are told by modern travelers, are now shallow and impassable, except by the smallest kind of row boats. Though Tarsus never could have had the most invigorating climate, owing to its low and unfavorable location, it is much more unhealthful now than anciently, owing to the proximity of the marshes.

The city was founded, according to an ancient legend, by Sardanapulus; while another legend, reported by Eusebius, names Sennacherib, King of Nineveh, as the founder. It was first an oriental city, but later came under Greek rule, during the reign of Antiochus IV. In 175-164 B. C. it was styled "Antioch beside the Cydnus." Celicia passed later from the decaying Seleucid empire into the hands of the Romans, and in 64 B. C. was organized as a Roman province with Tarsus for its capital, which city was favorably treated by Julius Caesar and succeeding emperors. Antonius granted Tarsus many privileges and made it his residence for a time. It was here that he received a visit from Cleopatra who sailed through the harbor and up the river to Tarsus in B. C. 38, in her famous trip, in "circumstances of extraordinary magnificence and luxury." When Augustus triumphed over Antonius, he granted the city of Tarsus even greater privileges than his predecessors had done; and Celicia was united in one large province with Syria.

When Paul was a child, Tarsus thus stood at the entrance to the greatest province of the East, as a metropolis, a free city, with a free harbor, "mistress of a large and fertile territory, a center of Roman imperial partisanship." Having been a free Greek city since before B. C. 170, at which time it is highly probable that a Jewish colony first had been established there, it had taken up Greek education which, with its Greek civilization, had made it one of the three great university cities of the Mediterranean world, surpassing, in some respects, even those of Athens and Alexandria. Its native, highly educated sons went abroad to study and reside, only few returning home again. "So strong was the Tarsian love for letters and Education! they filled their own university and foreign cities and Rome itself."

Philosophers governed Tarsus when the city was adapting itself to Roman imperialism. Athenodorus and Nestor

probably ruled from B. C. 29 to some time after Christ, and it is thought highly probable that Paul may have seen and listened to Nestor who lived 92 years. The doctrines of Athenodorus doubtless influenced the citizenship of Tarsus most in the time of Paul, and he is even likely to have been taught them in the schools of his native city. This philosopher's rule of life has been expressed in these words: "So live with men as if God saw; so speak with God as if men were listening." The spirit in which he guided the political life of Tarsus is expressed in service: "One must be able to give an account of one's time, and prove one's old age by the amount of what one has done for the world, and not simply by the length of time one has lived."

Such was the best side of the environment in which Saul spent his early years, and it must have had a great influence over him. When, in later years at Jerusalem, he was seized in the temple by the Jews, bound with chains, and they cried, "Away with him," he answered the question of the chief captain with the proud words that first came to his lips: "I am a man which am a Jew of Tarsus, a city in Celicia, a citizen of no mean city" (Acts 21:38-39), words that in his childhood evidently had been deeply and proudly impressed upon his soul. It was then a great honor to be a citizen of Tarsus, for the mass of the inhabitants, under the system of Athenodorus, were not citizens in the full sense of the word—that is, only a few possessed the full rights of citizens, a privilege which he doubtless enjoyed. In his excitement, for the moment, he doubtless forgot, though he later remembered and made use of it, that he was a Roman citizen, a higher honor and a greater proof of respectability.

With Tarsus under Rome subsequent to this time, with its checkered history as an Arab city, and with its modern deterioration under Turkish rule, under which it remains an unshapely ruin, or little more than a wretched collection of hovels, we have no further interest, in this connection. Its temples of philosophy and learning, with its glorious monuments of stone and marble, have been utterly destroyed. There remains no trace of its former power and splendor. (See W. M. Ramsay's article, "Tarsus," pp. 685-689 Vol. 4, Scribner's "Dictionary of the Bible.")

The honored name of Saul, and the glorious message of salvation which he spent his life in preaching, have survived in growing splendor, while his proud city, with all its grandeur, philosophy, and learning, are recalled mostly because

he was once a citizen and student there.

Paul's Birth and Training. From his own statements we learn much of St. Paul about himself. Aside from his life in Tarsus, he declares he was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel in Jerusalem, trained in the perfect manner of the law of the fathers, and full of zeal toward God (Acts 22:3), "whom I serve from my forefathers with pure conscience" (2 Tim. 1:3); "circumcised the eighth day," "of the stock of Israel," "of the tribe of Benjamin," "an Hebrew of the Hebrews," "as touching the law a Pharisee;" "concerning zeal, persecuting the church;" "touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless" (Phil. 3:5, 6; 2 Cor. 11:22; Rom. 4:1; 9:3; 11:1; Acts 23:6). He profited in the religion of the Jews above many of his contemporaries in his own nation, being more exceedingly zealous than they of the traditions of his fathers (Gal. 1:14; Acts 26:4, 5). Paul had a sister in Jerusalem (Acts 23:16-22), and the family were well-to-do, as we may infer from the education which he received. His occupation as a tent-maker is no denial of this, for all Jews who were well-to-do had the wise foresight to teach their sons some useful handicraft. His mother, as one may gather by implication (Gal. 1:14), was zealous in teaching and training her children in piety, and all good behavior, soberness, chastity, discretion, obedience, and to be good home-keepers (Titus 2:3, 5), and lovers of the faith (Titus 3:15).

In Roman Tarsus he undoubtedly received his latin name Paul, while he was Saul to his fellow Jews and at Jerusalem. When he was converted the voice of Jesus addressed him in his mother tongue, as "Saul, Saul" (Acts 26:14).

In Paul, "Jew, Greek, and Roman met," comments Findlay, (Scribner's "Dic. Bible," Vol. 3, pp. 696-730). "The Jew in him was the foundation of everything Paul became. He was 'Jew' (Judean in nationality and education); 'Israelite' (in descent and creed); 'Hebrew' (in language and tradition). The current Hebrew (i. e. Aramaic) of Palestine was spoken in his father's house; and his student days gave him the mastery of it which enabled him to address the multitude of Jerusalem in their vernacular (Acts 22:2), and to make himself everywhere 'to the Jews as a Jew' (1 Cor. 9:20). * * * * * Paul's Tarsian birth and Roman citizenship secured for him an outfit for the Gentile apostleship such as no mere Palestinian Jew could possess. * * * * * Of his Gentile connections, along with his Jewish antecedents, the apostle was thinking

when he spoke of God as 'having marked me out [for my life's mission] from my mother's womb' (Gal. 1:15). The Rabbinical student of Jerusalem was first a Jewish boy in the streets of a heathen city, and his home continued to there. [He was certainly absent from Jerusalem during the visits of Jesus]. St. Paul's insight into the moral workings of idolatry, and his ready appreciation of Gentile sentiment, speak for this. He is everywhere at home in the synagogues of the Dispersion. In the Græco-Asiatic Tarsus, the products of East and West met, ships of all countries lay at its wharves—a place to stir in an impressionable child thoughts and dreams of the wide world, and to impart an instinctive attitude for mixing with all sorts of men. In Saul's nature, Greek versatility was blended with Jewish tenacity."

"Paul's education and native bent were strongly Palestinian and Pharisaic. But he could not help acquiring knowledge of the broader Hellenizing theology that had spread from Alexandria amongst the Greek Diaspora, with which Apollos (Acts 18:24) and the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews were imbued. He used freely the book of 'Wisdom' which emanated from this school. In Col. 1:12-20, he shows his mastery of the theosophic speculations of the Alexandrian (and Essenic) Jewish teachers; and his language appears to indicate some literary contact with his elder contemporary Philo. Paul's use of types and allegory may have been learned from his masters at Jerusalem."

Paul appears to have been frail physically, as one would believe from his reference (2 Cor. 10:10) to his weak "bodily presence." His occupation as a journeyman tent-maker probably aggravated the disadvantages of his bodily presence, not to speak of the severe mishandling by his persecutors which he so frequently suffered for the sake of Christ (2 Cor. 11:23-26). Yet these infirmities became a source of strength, through the power of Christ that rested upon him (2 Cor. 11:30; 12:9, 10). But though he was frail and sickly, he must have been of a stout and tough fibre. Witness his travels in connection with his manual and intellectual labors, and these in connection with his persecutions, and we must at once declare him a man of exceptional vitality and nervous energy. "His preaching excited warm assent or contradiction. He set all minds astrir; and in debate around him, his presence and discourse acted like an electric current that drives to opposite poles the mingled elements through which it passes" (Acts 13:42-45; 14:4; 2 Cor. 2:14, 16).

Paul's "thorn in the flesh," the "messenger of Satan" as he calls it, is mentioned by himself in connection with his unique experience of a superabundance of visions and revelations. He says it was given to him lest he should be "exalted above measure" (2 Cor. 12:1-9). What this physical affliction was cannot be positively known, though some have suggested chronic opthemia (Farrar's "St. Paul"); but whatever it was, according to his own account, whether bodily weakness, or physical disease, it caused him to be humble (Gal. 4:13-15; 1 Cor. 2:3, 4; 2 Cor. 10:10). The scriptures do not describe it, but his consolations on its account may avail for all of us to whom any thorn is given—and without doubt we all have one.

Of Paul's conversion, we have already treated (Lesson 20; Acts 9:1-19), and it will be further considered as we proceed (Acts 22:1-16; 26:9-18). His missionary career and journeys will be followed in lessons to come. The consideration of his epistles and the doctrines of the Lord Jesus Christ explained in them, and upon which the Christian church was founded, would form an exceedingly attractive study in itself, but which is not pertinent to this treatise only as we are obliged to refer to them as illustrations of the acts.

The Call of Paul and Barnabas. It appears that in Antioch as well as in Jerusalem, there were prophets. These are named (Acts 13:1) "as Barnabas, and Simon that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen, which had been brought up with Herod the tetrarch, and Saul." It was while these ministered to the Lord and fasted that the Holy Ghost made known to them the will of the Lord, and said:

"Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." Then, as is customary in the restored Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, after they had prayed and fasted they laid their hands on them, setting them apart, after which they were sent away. They went forth by the power of the Holy Ghost, departing unto Seleucia and from thence sailed to Cyprus. The first of the three noted missionary journeys of Saul was begun.

Fourth Year—Jesus the Christ

[By James E. Talmage]

LESSONS FOR AUGUST

Lesson 29. Chapter 25 (For First Sunday in August)

1. Locate on the map the provinces of Perea, Judea, Samaria, and Galilee.

2. Relate the incident of the Lord's rejection by people of Samaria, and the revengeful suggestion of two of the apostles that punishment be brought upon the inhospitable Samaritans. Observe that James and John appear to have been confident that the power of the priesthood was competent even to bring fire from heaven. Consider the Lord's rebuke to His zealous but somewhat uncharitable servants.

3. State the principal facts relating to the commission of the Seventy, their ministry, their return, and the report they made to the Master.

4. Discuss the topic "Who is my neighbor?" and apply the Parable of the good Samaritan.

5. Compare and contrast the personal characteristics of the sisters Martha and Mary. Show the well-intended service of each.

6. Emphasize the assurance: "Ask, and it shall be given you;" and apply the two parables directly bearing thereon.

7. Discuss the Lord's criticism of Pharisaic externalism treated in this chapter.

8. Discuss and apply the Parable of the Foolish Rich Man (specified in most Bible captions and commentaries as the Parable of the Rich Fool). Consider the individual application of the Lord's remark: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

9. Discuss the Parable of the Barren Fig Tree, and show its application to the corrupt Judaism of the time.

10. Relate the incident of the healing of the crooked woman, and the lessons to be drawn therefrom. (Review Chapter 15 in text book, particularly pp. 214, 215.)

11. Discuss the question: Will many or few be saved? (See Note 3, page 448, in third edition of the text book.)

12. Explain the Lord's rejoinder to those who reported that Herod designed to kill Him.

Lesson 30. Part of Chapter 27

(For Second Sunday in August)

1. Discuss the incidents recorded in connection with the Lord's presence, as an invited guest, in the house of one of the chief Pharisees.

2. Relate, and explain the application of the Parable of the Great Supper.

3. Discuss the topic "Counting the cost."

4. Relate and explain the application of the Parable of the Lost Coin.

5. Relate and show the application of the Parable of the Prodigal Son. Show the relation of this parable to the associated parables—of the Lost Sheep and the Lost Coin. Show the unity of application in these three parables.

6. Quote, and explain the application of the Parable of the Unrighteous Steward.

Lesson 31. Part of Chapter 27

(For Third Sunday in August)

1. Discuss the Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, showing its application to the prevailing conditions of the time in which it was given. Show its equally forceful application to current time. What may we infer from the parable as to the condition of disembodied spirits between death and resurrection?

2. Discuss the topic: "Unprofitable Servants," and apply the parable associated therewith.

3. Relate and expound the incident of the healing of the ten lepers.

4. Relate and apply the Parable of the Pharisee and the Publican.

5. Specify and apply the Lord's precepts concerning Marriage and Divorce.

6. Discuss the incident of "Jesus and the Little Ones."

7. Show the relationship of the visit and inquiry of the rich young ruler to the Lord's discourse that followed.

8. Quote and explain the Parable of the Laborers. (Consider especially Note 8 following Chapter 27 in the third edition of the text book.)

Lesson 32. Chapter 28

(For Fourth Sunday in August)

1. Explain the significance of the Feast of Dedication.

2. Discuss the most important precepts in the Lord's discourse delivered in Solomon's Porch on the occasion of the Feast of Dedication referred to in this chapter. Explain John 10:33-36, particularly with regard to the application of the title "gods" to men officiating as the representatives of God. (See in this connection Note 8, p. 501, in third edition of the text book.) What is meant by "Solomon's Porch?"

3. Give the principal incidents of the Lord's retirement in Perea following this celebration of the Feast of Dedication. Locate Perea on the map; also, as best you can, the Perea town, Bethany, and the Bethany in Judea.

4. Relate the recorded incidents in Perea immediately preceding the return of Jesus and the apostles to Bethany of Judea, occasioned by the death of Lazarus.

5. Give the recorded circumstances incident to the raising of Lazarus to life. Show the importance of the presence of witnesses to this miracle.

6. Show the significance of our Lord's utilizing human agency in all accessory details connected with the miracle.

7. Explain the agitation and concern of the hierarchy over this miracle. Discuss the prophecy of Caiaphas, the high priest, in this connection.

8. Locate, as best you can, the region of our Lord's retirement following the miracle of raising Lazarus to life.

Second Intermediate Department

Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds, J. Leo Fairbanks and Adam S. Bennion

Second Year—The Book of Mormon

LESSONS FOR AUGUST

First Sunday

Uniform Fast Day Lesson (See Superintendent's Department).

Second Sunday

Lesson 24

Pupils' Text: "The Story of the Book of Mormon," Chap. 33.

Teachers' Text: "The Story of the

Book of Mormon," chap. 33. Alma, chaps. 56 and 57.

Third Sunday

Lesson 25

Pupils' Text: "The Story of the Book of Mormon, chap. 34; Alma, chaps. 58 and 62.

Fourth Sunday

Lesson 26

Pupils' Text: "The Story of the Book of Mormon," chap. 35.

Teachers' Text: "The Story of the

Book of Mormon," chap. 35 and Alma chap. 62 to Helaman, chap. 1.

Fifth Sunday

Lesson 27

"Pupils' Text. "The Story of the Book of Mormon," chap. 36.

Teachers' Text: "The Story of the Book of Mormon," chap. 36, and Helaman, chap. 1 to 3.

For August we are merely giving the subjects of the lessons as found in "The Story of the Book of Mormon," and Book of Mormon. This will give the teachers a splendid opportunity to prepare their own outlines.

In each lesson one central truth, or predominant thought should be emphasized, and applied to the lives of the pupils.

Fourth Year—Old Testament

LESSONS FOR AUGUST

Lesson 66. Cyrus, the Gentile King, Who Was God's Means of Restoring His Chosen People

[Prepared by Laura Malin, Liberty Stake]

Teachers' Text: Jer. 25:9-13; 29:10; 50:51:1-10; Isa. 41:25; 44:23-28; 45:1-13; 48:20. II Chron. 36:22-23. Ezra 1, 2, 3.

Pupils' text for general assignment: Ezra 1.

Topical outline for individual assignment: (1) Prophecies of Jeremiah concerning the seventy years' captivity and fall of Babylon—Jer. 25:9-13; (2) Prophecies of Isaiah concerning Cyrus—Isa. 41:25; 44:23-28; (3) Proclamation of Cyrus—Ezra 1; (4) Return of the exiles—their leader—numbers—Ezra 2; (5) Erection of altar and laying of foundation for the temple—Ezra 3.

Aim: Great men fulfil the designs of the Lord often without their own knowledge.

The Lesson: Review the fall of the kingdom of Judah and the capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar.

(A map showing the location of Babylon, the home of the exiles, and its relation to surrounding countries is an absolute necessity for the proper presentation of this lesson.)

Some time should be given to consideration of the condition of the exiles in Babylon and their preparation for the return.

Cyrus the Great (600-529 B. C.)

The last twenty years before the release of the Hebrews from Babylon must have been a time of feverish excitement throughout Western Asia, and especially among the Jewish exiles. When the mighty Nebuchadnezzar was just closing his career a movement destined to change the history of the world had begun in the mountains beyond the southern Tigris.

The leader under whom this great political revolution was accomplished was the Cyrus of Isaiah, originally king of Elam, but ultimately, after he had conquered Media, king of Persia, also.

The great Elamite, whose lineage may be traced on a famous cuneiform cylinder now in the British Museum, continued his conquests until the whole East, as far as the Himalayas, submitted to his rule, then turned westward to Babylon, political capital of Asia.

In character Cyrus was courageous, generous, and pious, and when he advanced to attack Babylon, then ruled by a feeble prince, Nabonidus, his career was watched with intense interest by the Jews who regarded him as their destined deliverer.

In 538 B.C. Babylon surrendered peacefully to the irresistible prowess of Cyrus. The story of the capture of this famous city is one of the events of history. By turning the waters of the Euphrates into an immense reservoir constructed by Nebuchadnezzar, the soldiers were able to pass into the city by means of the river bed. Detachments from opposite sides of the city met at the royal palace, as predicted by Jeremiah, there surprising the Babylonians.

The glowing words of the prophets respecting Cyrus had kindled a fervent loyalty to him in the breasts of the exiles. He had been proclaimed the "Shepherd" of Jehovah, "His anointed" whom Jehovah had called from the east to free His chosen people and rebuild His temple.

As the religion of Cyrus, Zoroastrianism, permitted him to respect and safeguard all religions, his policy toward the conquered people was a liberal one, and he was precisely the man to show favor to the servants of Jehovah.

The seventy years of the captivity, dating from B. C. 606, the fourth year of Jehoiakim, ended with the accession of Cyrus as sole king, in B. C. 536. The decree, which was a fulfilment of prophecy, not only permitted the Jews in every part of the empire to return to Jerusalem, but invited aid for them, the king himself commanding the restoration of the sacred vessels of the temple.

As the good news that made every Jew a free man traveled from land to land, the best of the race set their faces toward Jerusalem. The number at last found willing to face the perils of the desert and their ruined land amounted to no more than 42,360, inclusive of over 7,000 slaves.—Extracts from the historian Geikie.

Almost universal testimony has ascribed to Cyrus the purest and most beneficent character of any eastern monarch.

Authorities differ, however, as to his motive in issuing the decree which made the Jews free to return to their native land.

Geikie considers him a shrewd politician who uses language to serve a temporary end without indicating conversion to the God of the Hebrews.

Kitto asserts that Cyrus not only recognized the truth and inspiration of the prophecies concerning his greatness, but acknowledged Jehovah as the "God of heaven."

Whatever may have been his personal feelings, Cyrus fulfilled God's decree and was the instrument for restoring His chosen people.

The captivity of the Jews was not all privations and hardships, perhaps not more than their dispersion among the nations today. Those who chose to return were the choicest. It was God's harvest of the faithful who would return to do His work. Like the Latter-day Saints, the Pilgrims from England and Holland. Do you know any city whose population is equal to the Jews who returned?

Picture the returning caravans; trace their journey along the water courses; imagine the scouting parties, the escorts, some attacks, etc.

The journey of the few faithful was a trial—those who remained led easy lives. It is that way in life. Life's journey, which is upward, takes courage, has trials but has rewards as well. Those who remained in Babylon missed much but they lost much. What?

Note to Teachers: The exiles in Babylon were probably gathered into colonies or settlements in different places.

The calamities of the nation seem for many years to have wrought little moral improvement in the majority of them. Gradually, however, the very depth of the evils led to good, the lessons of experience at last bearing fruit in a reaction against heathenism and the gradual eradication of their prosperity toward idolatry.

It was, of course, inevitable that many of the Jews should lose their identity among the Babylonians. So far as pos-

sible the faithful maintained the worship and customs of the past: not sacrifice, for they were in an unclean land, but circumcision, fasting, observance of Sabbath and prayer.

Adversity, accepted finally as a chastisement of God, served to deepen and purify their patriotic and religious feelings, and prepare the way for fulfillment of prophecies.

It was during this period that many gave themselves increasingly to the study and multiplying of their sacred books so that the order of the Scribes, so well known in later times, grew into great importance.—Dummerlow's Commentary.

Lesson 67. Haggai, Who Encouraged the Lord's People to Work

[Prepared by J. Leo Fairbanks]

Teachers' Text: Ezra 3, 4; Haggai 1, 2; Ezra 6:1-18; Zechariah 4:1-9.

Pupil's Text for General Assignment: Ezra 3:1-13; 4:1-5.

Topical Analysis for Individual Assignment:

- a. The captives rebuilt their homes. (Have some pupil tell the condition in which they found their city on their return.)
- b. Altar built and foundation laid for city wall. Ezra 3.
- c. Opposition of enemies. Ezra 4:1-6.
- d. Haggai roused the people to action. Haggai 1:1-11.
- e. Encouragement for effort put forth. Haggai 2:1-15. Cyrus decree recovered. Ezra 6:1-4.
- f. Temple finished. Ezra 6:14-18.
- g. Might and power not to compare with the Spirit of the Lord. Zech. 4:1-9.

Aim: To show the power of a sincere life devoted to a good purpose.

Significance of events:

- a. Historically, by showing how well Judah had learned the lesson not to form alliances with strange people, and in humility return to obey the Lord in her holy city.
- b. Biographically, by showing the earnestness of a plain man and what his example of courage will do in a nation.
- c. Practically, by showing that successful leaders are confident they are right.

Lesson in the Class: Review lesson 66. Call attention to the fact that the returning Hebrews, numbering about 50,000, were a minority of the captives. No doubt many who returned belonged to

the Israelitish nation, for the invitation was to all the servants of God throughout the empire. After this event the distinction of tribes disappeared and all Hebrews were henceforth called Jews.

With the map review David's Kingdom; division of the kingdom between Rehoboam and Jeroboam; Captivity of Israel; Siege of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar; Captivity of Judah. Call attention to the peculiarities of Jewish customs that made them live separate from the others, e. g., failure to worship idols, forbidden meats, etc. These peculiarities opened the way for ridicule, persecution, confiscation of property and indignities always heaped upon despised people. Apostate Jews would mock their countrymen and say, "This is Zion whom no one seeketh after," and then derisively asked, "Where is their God?" Jer. 30:17: Psalm 79:10. Some could not endure such persecution. Those who could were strong. The others were not worthy of God's protection and hence perished. Thus it is with our people in our own day. Those who hold firmly to their belief have the Lord's protecting care. Those who are not strong enough to hold to the right and truth soon become insignificant.

Presentation of the Lesson: These lessons are expected to get the pupils interested in the books of scripture which must always be available for reference. After drawing as much information as possible from the class have them read a few passages from the text then give information contained in the following notes:

Topic a. Make impressive the desolate scene presented to the Jews in coming down the Jordan Valley. The blackened and tumble-down walls were strewn over the formerly strongly fortified hills. The temple was a wreck. Weeds, rubbish and debris had accumulated during the half century of idleness. The city had been ransacked by passing caravans which liked to hunt through the rubbish or camp against a wall or in a former palace where hay, charcoal, bones and broken dishes were strewn. How would a people feel to come to such a desolation to make their home? They had heard of the glory of Jerusalem and now saw such a sad sight. Compare their religious zeal with the Pilgrims who came to America for conscience sake and with the Latter-day Saints in their long journey to a new home. Their joys might be similar but there were contrasts. Name some. Make the comparison striking.

The feast of Tabernacles that was re-established compares with our Thanks-

giving. An important topic can be made of this. Hunt up a description in a Bible dictionary.

Topic b. Adversaries were the Samaritans who wished to join the Jews in their worship. They had come to respect Jehovah and claimed kinship with the Jews but were refused equality.

Topic c. Reasons for the long delay were as follows: 1. Opposition of enemies whose help would have spoiled the purity of the Jewish faith. It was safer to have no unholy alliances. 2. Death of their great friend, Cyrus, and succession of his son who had uncontrollable passions. 3. Drought which brought poverty.

Topic d. Haggai was a humble young man whose parents were left at Jerusalem when Nebuchadnezzar destroyed the city. He welcomed the returned captives and with immense enthusiasm took up the work of restoring the city. A noble beginning was made but opposition stopped the work. Here Haggai was of service. In one autumn he delivered four great speeches and met all the arguments of the people. For more than fifty years people had cultivated the fertile valleys around Jerusalem and looked with longing to the time when the city would be reinhabited. Haggai contrasted the ruins with the fields, the homes of the people with the masonry of the foundation walls. He met their arguments thus: "Not time to build," answer Haggai 1:4. 'No means of getting wood from Lebanon mountains,' answer 1:8. "We are poor," answer 1:11. "Temple we can build not as worthy as the one it supplanted," 2:7-9.

Haggai found in Zechariah a companion of like spirit but one who had superior ability as a speaker. Both were plain men who knew what was right and went into it with full purpose. He did all he could and pretended nothing. He was faithful, loyal, quiet and persevering. To his initiative and force Israel owed much of her prosperity.

Topic f. The new temple had no ark nor Urim and Thummim.

Lesson 68. Nehemiah, the Governor who Got Results

Teachers' Text: Nehemiah, chapters 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 13.

Pupils' Text for General Assignment: chapter 2.

Topical analysis for assignment to individuals:

- a. Nehemiah, the king's cup bearer, wept for his people. Nehemiah 1.
- b. Nehemiah sent by the king on a mission of relief to his people. 2:1-11.

- c. Inspects the wall at night. 2: 12-20.
- d. Opposition of scoffing enemies 4:1-6.
- e. Opposition in conspiracy. 4:6-13.
- f. Opposition from within. Ch. 5.
- g. Opposition in treachery. Ch. 6.
- h. Reforms. Ch. 13.

Aim: Great energy and prayerfulness are essential qualities in good leaders.

Significance of events:

- a. Historically, by showing how the Jews re-established themselves at Jerusalem.
- b. Biographically, by revealing the business-like character of a devout reformer and governor.
- c. Practically, by showing how energy will accomplish desirable results.

Lesson in the class: Review lesson 67. What feast do we celebrate that nearly suggests the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles? Why is it celebrated? Why did the Jews nearly fail to accomplish the thing they most desired as a people? Who helped stimulate their efforts? What argument did Haggai use against their opposition? Which people opposed the Jews in their effort to build the wall? How did Haggai succeed? What kind of character is required to succeed in doing right.

Today's lesson: Nehemiah is a character all boys can admire. (See note at end of lesson).

The Jewish colony was still small and poor although seventy years had passed since the temple had been rebuilt. Nehemiah's brother Hanani had gone to Babylon to get help for the colony. Nehemiah on close questioning found that the city walls were partly destroyed and unfit for protecting the people.

Topic a. Note Nehemiah's business-like way in getting letters from the king and permission to build the walls. His prayer is a splendid example of his devotion. In court he was praying and planning, in Jerusalem he was praying and working.

Topic b. Make a vivid impression of a court scene and the courtly manners. His was an office of importance. He was to serve wine to the king and must guard the king's life against poisoning, hence his confidence with the king. What

qualities did he possess to make him worthy this high position?

Topic c. This midnight sortie was a secret inspection. Nehemiah decided that all people should aid in the work of building. The rich building the more expensive parts like towers, etc.

Topic d. Note the discouragements thrown in Nehemiah's way. Show that by honest effort in the face of opposition indicates force of character. He was not to be disheartened nor frightened from carrying out his purpose.

Topic e. Nehemiah's faith in his work gave his people heart for the task. When the enemies saw that the work went on and that the people were ready to fight, if necessary, they retired. The work progressed. Belief in one's work is the secret of success in it.

Topic f. Note especially Nehemiah's noble example in refusing aid. He did not live off the fat of the land, but worked for his own living, the same as other men. King Benjamin set this example among the Nephites.

Topic g. Note the self-forgetfulness and noble character in not judging his enemies. Judgment was left to God.

Topic h. Nehemiah spent twelve years as governor at Jerusalem and returned to Persia. His good work was undone by selfish priests and nobles. When the true condition was made known to him he returned and made short work in bringing about reforms. (Review the reforms under Ezra.) Sabbath was restored as a day of rest and worship, the Temple was cleansed and marriages with foreigners forbidden.

Note. Character of Nehemiah: He possessed great fidelity, energy, perseverance, and initiative which means to do the right thing at the right time without being told. He outwitted his enemies, meeting tricks with sincerity, fears with enthusiasm, injustice with generosity, and keeping at his task. The secret of it all was that he believed in his work. He believed in men, and appealed to all that was best in them. He believed that something could be done, and what could be done must be done. Above all—and this is the great secret—he believed in God. He believed in religious institutions and upheld them.—Condensed from Milton S. Littlefield, *Teacher's Manual*, page 198.

'Tis cheap and easy to destroy. There is not a joyful boy or an innocent girl buoyant with fine purposes of duty in all the street full of eager and rosy faces, but a cynic can chill and dishearten with a single word.—*Emerson*.

First Intermediate Department

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows and J. W. Walker

Second Year—Old Testament Stories

LESSONS FOR AUGUST

(Prepared by George M. Cannon.)

Lesson 23. Jonathan, the Son of Saul (For Second Sunday in August.)

The story of Jonathan is the story of a king's son who loved his friend more than he loved a kingdom.

Early in the fierce wars between the people of Israel and their enemies, the Philistines, King Saul sought to drive out these terrible oppressors who had brought the Israelites into subjection and who had tried to destroy all opposition by taking from the Israelites their swords and spears and other weapons.

In this great struggle, Jonathan, the king's son, took a very prominent part. He, with only his armor bearer, attacked and captured one of their strong garrisons and won for Israel a victory that brought joy to their hearts.

Saul had made a vow that anyone who ate until evening of that day should be put to death. Not knowing of this, because absent at the time the vow was made, Jonathan, after his hard battle, ate a honey comb.

Saul was horrified to find that his own son had come under the death penalty, but determined to fulfil his vow and prepared to have Jonathan put to death. When the people, and particularly the army, heard of this they rebelled and refused to let the penalty be enforced, and said until Saul: "Shall Jonathan die who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid: as the Lord liveth there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground, for he hath wrought with God this day."

Thus Jonathan was greatly beloved by the people; and it was hoped and expected that he would succeed his father Saul as king. But because of Saul's failure to do as the Lord commanded, he was told by the Prophet Samuel, that the Lord had taken the Kingdom from Saul's household and that another would become king over Israel. That other was David, the son of Jesse, of Bethlelem. Just when these two young men, Jonathan and David, first met, we do not know. Some think it was through Jonathan that David, because of his sweet singing and his skill with the harp, was invited to come to Saul's court and there charm

away the evil spirit that troubled the king.

At any rate, David and Jonathan became fast friends and were always true to each other. This friendship, on the part of David, is not to be wondered at. He had every reason to be grateful to Jonathan who had shown him, at the King's court, every possible kindness. David knew, too, that the Prophet Samuel had anointed him to be Saul's successor as king. So, he had no cause to be envious or jealous of Jonathan. But an ordinary man in the place of Jonathan would have hated David. Even if he himself did nothing to injure David he might have been glad to have David out of the way. But Jonathan's nature was such that having become David's friend, as long as he found no evil in David nothing could shake that friendship.

After David had slain the mighty Goliath, he cut off the giant's head with the giant's sword and carried the head to King Saul. The king was delighted at the death of the giant who, every morning, for forty days, had, from the hillside defied the armies of Israel. And the king for a while, was very kind to David. But when the victorious armies of Israel returned from their pursuit of the fleeing Philistines, the women went out to meet them and sang and danced as was their custom in honor of the victory. In their songs they sang of the deeds of their champions, and said that Saul had slain his thousands and David his ten thousands. This angered Saul very much and the more the people praised David the more jealous Saul became. Right after the victory David was given a place near the king at the king's table. But David was told by faithful friends of the king's jealousy and anger. And so, when Jonathan came to visit David, the latter told him of what he had heard and that the king planned to do him harm. Jonathan was himself so frank and open and honest in his friendship for David that he could not believe that his father, the king, would wish to harm David after all David had done for him, and after he had given David his daughter, Michal, to be David's wife. But David explained to Jonathan that while he was sure King Saul desired David's death, he concealed the fact from Jonathan because of the latter's known love for David. Both teacher and pupils should take the Bible and read Chapter 20 of 1st Samuel. In

this chapter it is told how Jonathan risked his own life defending the absent David (verses 30 to 34 inclusive).

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John 15-13).

Neither fear nor jealousy nor any man's opinion could turn Jonathan from his love for David. After the enmity of his father was shown by openly hunting for David, Jonathan was not only true to David but did all he could to appease his father, King Saul, and to strengthen and protect David. (See I Samuel 23:16-18.)

Lesson 24. Samson—The Strong Man

(For Third Sunday in August)

Text: Judges, Chapters 13, 14, 15 and 16.

Samson was Judge among the children of Israel. And the Bible tells us that he judged Israel twenty years. But his work as a judge is not what made him famous. Whenever the name Samson is used it calls to mind the idea of great physical strength.

Samson was the son of Manoah a man of the tribe of Dan. Samson's mother had long wanted a son but this blessing had not been given her. Finally, however, an angel of the Lord appeared to this woman and promised her that she should have a son. He told her to drink not wine nor strong drink and not to eat any unclean thing. He also told her to not allow a razor to be used on the boy's head; and that he should be devoted to the work of God from his birth. These same instructions were afterward repeated to the woman in presence of her husband Manoah. When the promised boy was born, he was called Samson. And the child grew and the Lord blessed him.

Now, when Samson grew to be a man, he did what was not desired by the children of Israel,—he fell in love with a woman who was a daughter of the Philistines.

At that time the children of Israel had departed from the ways of the Lord, and were in bondage, more or less, to the Philistines for about forty years. When Samson told his father and mother about his love for the daughter of the Philistines they remonstrated with him and asked if there were none of the daughters of Israel whom he would like to marry. But Samson was greatly in love and so Samson and his father and mother, as was the custom in those days, journeyed from their home to the home of the young woman who lived in a place called Timnath.

On the way down, and when Samson had come to the vineyards of Timnath, a young lion roared and attacked Samson. And the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he tore the lion in pieces as easily as if it had been a young goat. But he did not tell his father or his mother what he had done. Then he paid his visit to the young woman and he was well pleased with her, and so came down later to marry her. On the way he turned aside to see the carcass of the lion where he had left it. And, behold, there was a swarm of bees and honey in the carcass of the lion. And he took some of the honeycomb and ate part and gave some to his father and mother and they ate also; but he did not tell them that he had taken the honey out of the carcass of the lion.

In those days the bridegroom used to give a feast to the friends of himself and the bride. And these feasts sometimes lasted for a number of days. Samson gave a feast for seven days. And thirty young Philistines came to be his companions.

And Samson said to them that he would tell them a riddle and that if they could find it out within the seven days of the feast he would give them thirty changes of raiment which would be one for each. If they could not guess the riddle they were to give him thirty changes of raiment including linen wear. Then Samson told them the riddle which was: "Out of the eater came forth meat; and out of the strong came forth sweetness." And the thirty men tried for three days and could not solve the riddle and they tried and tried and tried and could not expound it. And so it went on until the seventh day, and then they said to Samson's wife: "Entice thy husband, that he may declare unto us the riddle" and they threatened that if she did not they would burn her and her father's house with fire.

Samson's wife coaxed him to tell her the answer, and he replied that he had not even told it to his father and mother. But she coaxed and coaxed and when he did not tell her she wept and wept all the days of the feast until finally on the seventh day he felt he could not refuse her any longer and told her. And she told her people. And the men of the city said to Samson on the seventh day before the sun went down, "What is sweeter than honey? And what is stronger than a lion? And Samson had to admit that they had won but he told them they could not have done so fairly, and if they had let his wife alone. And so he paid his loss by going to a place called Askalon and there slew thirty of the

Philistines and gave their clothing to the men who had expounded the riddle. And Samson was angry at the way he had been treated by his wife and her friends and he went home to his father's house. And Samson's wife was given to another whom he had used as his friend. And after a while, in the time of wheat harvest, Samson went to visit his wife and took presents with him. And her father met him and claimed that he thought that after what she had done Samson utterly hated her, and so had given her to another. And he offered to give Samson her younger sister and asked if she was not fairer than his wife. But Samson was disgusted and determined to do the Philistines all the damage possible. He caught great numbers of foxes and tied burning brands to their tails and set them free in the fields of ripened grain. The foxes ran through the fields dragging the flaming torches and setting fire to the fields and stack yards as they ran. The Philistines said "Who hath done this?" And they answered: "Samson, the son-in-law of the Tinnite, because he had taken his wife, and given her to his companion." And the Philistines came up, and burnt her and her father with fire. Now, although Samson knew his wife and father-in-law had not treated him properly, he determined to be avenged for their death on the Philistines, and so he slew many of them. The Bible says: "He smote them hip and thigh with a great slaughter." And he went and dwelt in the cleft of a rock in a high place. And the Philistines prepared to war against the tribe of Judah, the most powerful of the tribes of Israel. And the men of Judah said: "Why are ye come up against us?" And they answered: "To find Samson are we come up. To do to him as he hath done to us."

Then three thousand men of Judah went to the top of the rock where Samson had taken refuge and said to Samson: "Knowest thou not that the Philistines are rulers over us?" What is this that thou hast done unto us?" And he said, "As they did unto me, so have I done unto them." And they said to him, "We are come down to bind thee, that we may deliver thee unto the hand of the Philistines." And Samson agreed to let them bind him if they themselves would not strike him, and that they might deliver him firmly bound unto the Philistines. And this was done, and he was bound with two new cords, and brought from the rock and delivered to the Philistines. And when they saw him they shouted against him, and the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and the cords that were upon his arms

became as flax that was burnt with fire, and his bands loosed from off his hands. And he found a new jawbone of an ass, and seized it. The Bible says he "slew a thousand men therewith." After this they sought to take him at Gaza. And they knew he was in the city, and waited intending to take him at day-break.

But Samson got up at midnight and took the doors of the gate of the city and the two parts and went with them, far and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of a hill.

After Samson's sad experience with a Philistine wife, one would suppose he would be slow to have anything to do with a woman connected with that wicked people. But he afterwards loved a woman whose name was Delilah.

And the lords of the Philistines came up unto her and said: "Entice him, and see wherein his great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him, that we may bind him to afflict him, and we will give thee every one of us eleven hundred pieces of silver." (Every teacher should read and copy for his own use, Judges 16:6-31.)

The treachery of Delilah and the weakness of Samson in yielding to her entreaties have been the theme of some of the world's great poems and operas. Samson's terrible vengeance upon the foes who had blinded him and condemned him to slavery, resulting, as he knew it would, in his own death, is a fitting climax to the life of a man deemed the strongest, physically, known to sacred history. The language is one of the clearest and most dramatic statements in the Bible.

Lesson 25. Solomon the Wise

(For the Fourth Sunday in August)

Everybody knows more than anybody. We believe it will be profitable, particularly to the teachers themselves, to write a story from the Old Testament. We therefore ask every teacher in the second year's division of the First Intermediate Department, to write a story of Solomon, for his class. Please send to your Stake Board member in this department a copy of your story. We ask that each stake department Board member read the stories written in his particular stake and send to George M. Cannon, 32 Main street, Salt Lake City, (marked personal) the two which appeal to you as the best, with the understanding that we are at liberty to publish, if we so desire. We ask that all concerned take the matter up at once and act as promptly as possible.

Fourth Year—Lives of the Ancient Apostles

[Lessons prepared by David O. McKay]

PAUL

Lesson 22. Saul of Tarsus

1. Birth and Ancestry.
2. Scholastic Training.
 - a. At Tarsus.
 - b. Under Gamaliel.
3. A Roman Citizen.
4. A Persecutor of the Followers of Jesus.
 - a. His Bitterness.
 - b. Witnesses death of Stephen.

Aim: Training and companionship are mighty influences in shaping a person's character.

"Good company, and good discourses are the very sinews of virtue."—Walton.

At the time that Peter and Andrew, James and John were boys playing in Bethsaida, on the shores of Galilee, there was another bright, clever little lad playing and studying in a town about three hundred miles from them, whom they were to know in after years, first as a bitter enemy and afterwards as a friend and brother. This boy's name was Saul and he lived in Tarsus, the capital of Cilicia. He was a Jew and belonged to the tribe of Benjamin, the youngest son of Jacob. Benjamin's father, you remember, kept him home when the other sons first went to Egypt to buy corn. The tribe of Benjamin was said to have been valorous; and in this respect, you will see that Saul was a true Benjaminite.

Of Saul's parents and boyhood days we know very little. His father, at one time, lived in Palestine, and would, of course, teach his son to be a good orthodox Jew. Of his mother we know nothing, but we may be sure that she watched over him carefully, guided him in his games and in his studies and inspired him, even in his youth, to desire to grow up to be a great and useful man. Undoubtedly, this was the kind of mother he had, for all great men have been blest with just such noble mothers. We are not told whether he had any brothers; but he had at least one sister, whom he always loved and to whom he was a true and noble brother all his life.

Saul was a good student, and attended school probably from the time he was six years old until he became a man. But in those days, school boys had no school books. They would just listen to what their teacher told them, remember it, and try to be able to tell it again when asked to do so. The principal study in the schoolroom, at that time, was the holy

scriptures. Of course, they did not have the Bible then as we have it now, but they had the Old Testament, and could learn all about Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the children of Israel, King Saul, King David, King Solomon and the prophets. Thus, he was taught early in his life to look forward to the Messiah who should be king of the Jews.

Among the Jews were found different sects or religions, chief among which were the Pharisees and the Sadducees. In Saul's day, Pharisees were the most popular of all the sects, and held most of the highest offices in the state and the church. They believed in the oral law as delivered from God to Moses, as well as in the written law. They believed also in the resurrection of the body. But they made long and frequent prayers, not only in the synagogue and temple, but in the streets, so they could be heard of men. In other things, too, they were very hypocritical. The Sadducees did not believe in a bodily resurrection. You will see, later, how Saul used this difference of belief between these two sects to good advantage.

Saul was a Pharisee; and a good Pharisee, too. He was just as sincere in his belief and education as any good man could be. "Saul's grandfather was a Pharisee; so was his father who, perhaps, was a good man. He trained his son to be a little Pharisee who should be very strict in obeying the two kinds of laws of which we have spoken—those of God and those of men. The boy tried to be good, but not always in the right way. He thought himself righteous, but found at last that he was not so in the sight of God. He learned that if he would do good he must *be* good—loving God and obeying Him because this is right." If Saul had been a hypocritical Pharisee, he probably never would have found the truth, but being sincere, that is, always doing what he thought was right, he was led to the Gospel.

There is another thing to learn about this boy, "Saul of Tarsus;" viz., that he was born a Roman citizen. Tarsus, an exceedingly rich and populous city, was a Roman municipium, or free corporation. This means that the freedom of Rome (which ruled all those countries at that time) had been given to the freemen of Tarsus. This freedom had been granted because the men of Tarsus had defended two emperors of Rome during a rebellion against them.

Thus, Saul, though a Jew, was a free-born Roman citizen. In this double capacity, he had two names, Saul and Paul; the first his Jewish name and the latter his Roman or Latin name

As has been said, Saul was a student; but he was industrious, not only with his head, but also with his hands. He was a tent-maker. This trade he learned when he was still a boy. It was a constant practice of the Jews to bring their children to some honest calling that, in case of necessity, they might provide for themselves by the labor of their own hands. The time came when Paul, though an apostle, labored at intervals for twenty-nine years at the trade his father had taught him. It was during such times that he wrote "These hands have ministered unto my necessities."

At the Feet of Gamaliel. When Saul had completed the studies as given in the Jewish schools at Tarsus, and had learned his trade, he desired to attend college. He was then, probably, about fourteen years of age. There were Gentile universities near his home, but, as he wanted to become a Rabbi, he went to Jerusalem, and became a student in the famous "School of Hillel." The president of this noted institution of learning was, "a Pharisee named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law had in reputation among all the people" (Acts 5:34). It is supposed that he was a son of Simeon who was in the Temple when the little baby Jesus was blessed, and who said, "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

But though Gamaliel was the most learned man of his day, he did not know that the Messiah had come. Evidently, he did not believe what his father had told him about the child Jesus.

Under the instruction and influence of his great teacher, Saul continued for several years studying in Hebrew and Greek, and memorizing all the important commandments which the old Testament contained.

Saul completed his course under Gamaliel, and probably returned to Cilicia. In the meantime, Jesus had been crucified and a bitter persecution against some of His disciples had begun. The first to suffer death during this persecution was Stephen, one of the seven deacons chosen to look after the funds for the poor. Stephen was a very faithful servant "full of faith and the Holy Ghost." He declared that Jesus was the Savior of the world, and that all men must believe in His name if they would be saved. Stephen knew that the Pharisees were wrong in what they thought was necessary to salvation, and he, undoubtedly, told them so. At any rate he disputed with them in the synagogue.

Being defeated in their disputations, the angry Jews dragged Stephen before the Sanhedrin and accused him of blas-

phemy. Even in court he still bore testimony of the divinity, death and persecution of the Savior, which so maddened the wicked Jews that they "gnashed on him with their teeth," and finally dragged him out of the court room, and stoned him to death.

Among those blinded Pharisees who disputed with Stephen, was the young learned student, Saul of Tarsus. And when "they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord," Saul consented unto his death; and when the murderers took off their cloaks they handed them to Saul who stood by and witnessed the cruel death of this first Christian martyr. Saul was sincere in believing that Stephen was an enemy to the Jewish religion. Probably Stephen recognized this when, just as he was dying he prayed, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

Lesson 23. Saul's Conversion

1. Saul's Enmity toward Christians.
 - a. His zeal in persecution.
2. His journey to Damascus.
 - a. Purpose.
3. His Vision.
 - a. The Lord's Message.
4. Saul and Ananias.
 - a. Ananias' Mission.
 - b. Saul's acceptance of the Gospel Plan.

Aim: "Sincerity of purpose leads to truth." "Better is the wrong with sincerity, rather than the right with falsehood."

After the death of Stephen, "there was a great persecution against the church which was at Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad, throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria." One of the Saints' most bitter enemies and perhaps their most energetic and persistent persecutor, during those terrible days was the blinded Pharisee, Saul, of Tarsus. So determined was he to put an end to what he thought was a heresy that he secured the right as an officer of the Sanhedrin to arrest the followers of Jesus wherever he found them. He went from house to house, dragging men from their wives and children. He even arrested the women, and thrust them in prison! Surely the cries and piteous pleadings of the little children must have rent even his bitter heart almost more than the martyrdom of the faithful Stephen. Surely, as he forced men and women away from their homes, the blanched faces of crouching children, and their heart-broken sobs must have imprinted upon his bigoted soul impressions that would humble him if not haunt him all the days of his life! Only one thing

could give him comfort in later life as he looked back upon those awful experiences. It was this, as expressed in his own words: "I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." Saul was sincere in what he was doing. He did not believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and thought it would be pleasing to his Father in Heaven to make every believer in Christ deny His name.

So Saul "made havoc of the church; and when he had either imprisoned or driven out of Jerusalem every man he could find who confessed the Christ, with his soul, "yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," he asked the High Priest for "letters to Damascus to the synagogue, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound into Jerusalem.

Damascus is about one hundred and fifty miles north of Jerusalem, so it would take Saul and his attendants about a week to travel the distance. Perhaps during those few days of comparative leisure, he began to wonder whether what he was doing was right or not. Perhaps the shining face of the dying Stephen and the martyr's last prayer began to sink more deeply into his soul than it had done before. Little children's cries for their parents whom Saul had bound began to pierce his soul more keenly, and make him feel miserably unhappy as he looked forward to more experiences of that kind in Damascus. Perhaps he wondered that the work of the Lord, if he were really engaged in it, would make him feel so restless and bitter. He was soon to learn that only the work of the evil one produces those feelings, and that true service for the Lord, always brings peace and contentment.

But, whatever his thoughts and feelings were, he was hastening on with a determination to arrest every follower of Jesus whom he could find. As he neared the city, however, "Suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven." Saul fell to the earth, and the men with him stood around him speechless.

From that moment, Saul was a changed man. When he fell to the earth, he was a proud, haughty Pharisee, a persecutor of innocent people; when he arose, he was a humble, submissive seeker after truth, a repentant follower of Him whom he had been persecuting. From the midst of the light, came a voice saying:

"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" "Who art thou, Lord?" asked Saul.

"I am, Jesus whom thou persecutest," and then He added, in effect, "The more you persecute me the worse you feel; and

the more your conscience troubles you." Fighting the Lord is just like kicking a "prickly pear," 'the harder you kick the worse it hurts.

When Saul realized this, and knew he had been doing wrong, he asked, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

"Arise, go into the city, and it will be told there what thou must do," not what Saul would like to do; not what he might do; but what he *must* do, if he would be accepted of the Lord.

Saul had been blessed with eyesight but had been blinded spiritually. Now he was blind physically, but light was coming into his soul. As he arose he could see nothing, and his attendants led him into the city, where he lodged in the house of Judas, in a street called "Straight."

In the meantime, the Lord, in a vision, said to one of His servants called Ananias, "Arise and go into the street called 'Straight,' and enquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus; for, behold, he prayeth."

But Ananias answered, "Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to Thy saints of Jerusalem; and here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call on thy name." Ananias was probably one whom Saul would have arrested first.

The Lord told Ananias to go as directed for He had chosen Saul to bear His name, "before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel."

Ananias did as directed; and when he entered the house of Judas, he found Saul not only penitent but blind. All the proud Pharisee's bitterness was gone and he was praying for light—light in his eyes and light for his soul. His prayers were answered, for God's humble servant laid his hands upon him and said, "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost.

And Saul received his sight immediately, and arose and was baptized. This was one thing he had to do if he would be numbered in the Church of Christ. Thus in the conversion of this great man, we find illustrated the application of several principles of the Gospel, viz.: Faith, in Jesus Christ; Repentance from wrong doing; Baptism and the recognition of Christ's authority on earth.

Lesson 24. In Another School

1. With Disciples at Damascus.
2. In Arabia.
3. Return to Damascus and Flight.

4. With Disciples in Jerusalem.

5. With Barnaba in the Field.

Aim: Faith in the Gospel is the first step toward true knowledge, and leads, through sacrifice, to wisdom and happiness.

"All the scholastic scaffolding falls as a ruined edifice, before one single word-faith."—Napoleon.

For several days immediately following his wonderful conversion and his restoration to sight, Saul "was with the disciples who were at Damascus." Saul had now entered another school, but how different from the one in which he sat at the feet of the learned Gamaliel! There he listened to instruction from the most learned men of his day; now he is listening to unlearned men. There he received training of the intellect; now he is receiving training of the soul. There he studied blindly; now he studies, truly seeing! His instructor is one of the faithful men whom he had despised and whom he came to arrest. "Not Peter, or James or John, no great and eminent apostle need be sent for, to instruct the learned and highly talented Saul; but Ananias, some poor, simple-hearted Christian of whom the Divine word has never before made mention, is fully sufficient, in God's hand, to teach this most richly endowed of all the early converts."

As he listened, hour after hour, during those few memorable days, his soul became fired with a true zeal; and we can imagine hearing him say to his new teachers,

"Set on your foot. And with a heart new fir'd I follow you."

And straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that He is the Son of God."

We are not told whether any of the men who accompanied him to Damascus became converted. Perhaps one or two did; but, undoubtedly, some of them thought Saul had turned traitor. So also did the Jews in Damascus, who were amazed, and said to one another, "Is not this he that destroyed them which called on this name in Jerusalem, and came here for that intent, that he might bring them bound unto the chief priests?" But the more they opposed him, the more eloquently he defended the name of Jesus and proved to them that Jesus is the Christ.

After a few days of fiery disputations in the synagogues, Saul concluded to leave Damascus and go into retirement; so, bidding his new friends good-bye, he went into Arabia in the mountains near the Red Sea. Here he received instruction in the School of Solitude.

"O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy Pure stream, or in thy waving
shade,
We court fair wisdom."

Like Moses, Elijah, John the Baptist, and even the Savior Himself, Paul now sought to be alone with God, and to learn how to get his spirit in communion with the Holy Spirit..

How long he remained there, we do not know. All he says about this journey is: "I went into Arabia, and returned again to Damascus."

His Flight from Damascus. No sooner had he returned to the city of his conversion, than he began to preach again in the synagogues. Again the Jews began to dispute him, and again he confounded them. Day after day, and week after week the religious controversy continued until the Jews could stand it no longer, and "took council to kill him."

Around the city of Damascus was a high wall, and no one could go in or out except through the gates of the city. Therefore, when the Jews decided to kill Saul, the first thing they did was to make sure he could not escape. So they placed guards at every gate, and "watched day and night to kill him."

But Saul had his friends as well as enemies, and he had one Friend who had chosen him for a great and useful mission, and as long as Saul was faithful, his life would be spared until this special work was done. Through inspiration or otherwise, Saul knew that his enemies were lying in wait for him, so he kept out of their way.

Fortunately, one of his friends lived in a house built right near the wall of the city; and from here, some of the disciples assisted Saul to escape. They put him in a basket, and then watching carefully to see that no enemies were in sight, they carried Saul to the top of the wall, and let him down on the other side. Thus it happened that while the wicked guards were watching day and night to entrap Saul, that disciple of the Master was making his journey back to Jerusalem.

With the Disciples in Jerusalem. Three years before, he left Jerusalem as an officer of the Sanhedrin, bearing a special commission, and accompanied by attendants and officers. He left with enmity in his heart for every person who professed to believe in Jesus Christ. Now he journeys back alone, rejected by those whom he had served, a fugitive from the Jews who, a few years before, awaited to welcome him as a hero! But Saul is happier now alone as he is than when he went in pomp to arrest God's servants.

And yet can he look forward to no welcome in Jerusalem! His old friends and teachers think he has turned traitor to their cause, and the Apostles of Jesus doubt his conversion. "They were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple."

But there was one, an old friend and true, a classmate, and fellow townsman who extended to Saul the glad hand of fellowship. That was Barnabas, who "took him, and brought him to the apostles," declaring how Saul had been converted by a light, and the voice of the Lord, and how he had preached in Damascus in the name of Jesus.

With this testimony, the Apostles accepted Saul, and gave him their companionship. Soon Saul was preaching in Jerusalem as boldly as he had in Damascus. In his disputes with the Grecians, he evidently confounded them as he had those in Damascus, and with the same effect—"They went about to slay him."

When the brethren learned this, "they brought him down to Caesarea, and sent him forth to Tarsus" back to his old home, to his parents and to his sister. But what a changed man from what he was when he left to practice in Jerusalem. In name he was still "Saul of Tarsus;" but in nature he was Paul the disciple of Jesus Christ.

Called to Assist Barnabas, During the

persecution in which Stephen was martyred, the Saints scattered to different places, and wherever they went, they preached the Glad Tidings of Great Joy. "And the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number believed and turned unto the Lord."

A large number of these converts gathered in Antioch and it was there that the Saints were first called Christians. It was first applied to them in derision just as the word "Mormon" was first applied to the Church in this day, but later was accepted as an honorable title.

Barnabas, who "was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith" was appointed to look after the Saints in that great city. Finding a great missionary opportunity in that field, and desiring able assistance in carrying on the great work assigned him, Barnabas decided to go to Tarsus, his old home, and try to find Paul. What a happy time these old playmates must have had when they met once again in the familiar scenes of their boyhood days! But what they did, and what they said, and what their old friends and relatives thought of their new religion, we are not told. We do know, however, that Paul accepted the call to go with Barnabas to Antioch. There "they assembled themselves in the Church, and taught much people." This seems to have been Paul's first definite assignment in the Church.

Primary Department

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; assisted by Dorothy Bowman, Florence S. Horne and Bessie F. Foster

LESSONS FOR AUGUST

Lesson 5. A Promise Broken

First Sunday

Fast Day Thought: What is a testimony? When our mothers and fathers and other members of the Church assemble here this afternoon in Fast meeting, many will bear their testimony. Some of the people who will be here did not hear these beautiful truths which we are studying when they were children, but in their home in a far off land a missionary told them the Gospel truths. Because they were humble and seeking for the truth our Heavenly Father helped them to understand so that they knew what the missionary said was true. To know that this Church is the true Church of Jesus Christ—that is a testimony, and boys and girls who learn all the truth they can, and live true lives, get a testimony for themselves, by and by.

Reference: "From Plowboy to Prophet," pp. 27-29. "The Latter-day Prophet," p. 26 and Chapter VII.

Aim: Blessings follow the keeping of righteous promises.

Memory Gem: God's promises fail not, nor should ours.

I. Method of Teaching.

1. Joseph behind screen.
 - a. Reason.

II. Martin Harris' Request.

1. Joseph enquires of the Lord.
2. The Lord's answer.
3. Finally granted under conditions.
4. The solemn promise.
5. Promise broken.

III. Result of the Broken Promise.

1. Joseph's sorrow and temporary loss.
2. Martin's punishment.

Point of Contact: Talk with the chil-

dren about making and keeping promises, or tell a short story illustrating this thought.

Application: When we partake of the Sacrament we promise our Heavenly Father that we will try to keep His commandments. What are some of the commandments which boys and girls can keep?

Second Sunday

Lesson 6. The Aaronic Priesthood Restored

Reference: "From Plowboy to Prophet," pp. 30-32. "Latter-day Prophet," Chapter VIII.

Aim: Baptism is essential to salvation.

Memory gem: Review, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

Outline:

- I. The Passage on Baptism.
 1. Oliver Cowdery becomes scribe.
 2. The striking passage.
 3. The prayer.
- II. Appearance of John the Baptist.
 1. The Ordination.
 2. Joseph and Oliver directed to baptize each other.
- III. The Ordinance.
 1. The river.
 2. Performing the ordinance.
 3. The authority necessary.

Point of Contact: The child's own baptism. Who performed it? Authority.

Application: When will you be baptized? By whom? Where did he get the authority? It is possible for men to hold this authority because Jesus sent John to restore it to the earth.

Impress upon the children that this was the very same John whose special mission was to baptize. It was he who baptized the Savior. He lived hundreds of years ago, yet he was sent down from heaven to give Joseph and Oliver the right, or authority to baptize. Before this Joseph and Oliver had not the right. We call this authority "Priesthood" and the men holding this priesthood in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are the only men on earth who have the right to baptize.

Third Sunday

Lesson 7. The Three Witnesses

Reference: "From Plowboy to Prophet," pages 33-37. "The Latter-day Prophet," part of chapter IX.

Aim: Those who are chosen to bear testimony of the Lord's work must be worthy.

Memory Gem: " * * * And we declare with words of soberness, that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates and the engravings thereon."

Outline:

- I. Friendly Aid given Joseph and Oliver.
 1. By Joseph Knight.
 2. By Peter Whitmer.
- II. A Journey.
 1. How the plates were cared for.
 2. Returned to Joseph.
- III. The Three Witnesses Chosen of the Lord.
 1. The reference in the Book of Mormon.
 2. The request of Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris and David Whitmer.
 3. Granted by the Lord.
- IV. The Vision.
 1. The prayer.
 2. Martin Harris retires.
 3. The others see the plates.
 4. Martin forgiven and blessed.
 5. Meaning of their testimony.
 6. Testimony never denied by the witnesses.

V. Plates shown by the Prophet to eight others.

Point of Contact: Who has had a father or a brother go on a mission? Why do people go on missions? What messages do they take? What kind of people must they be? Today we will tell of three men who had one of the most important testimonies or messages to bear. Our Heavenly Father knew there would be some people who might doubt the word of just one man, so He wanted others to know of the truth of the Book of Mormon. What a wonderful experience for these three men! How good they had to be to receive this glorious blessing! One had done some wrong and he first had to plead to be forgiven before he was so blessed. Only think of an angel showing the Urim and Thummim and the plates! He turned over the pages of this book of gold. Then they heard the voice of the Lord telling them that the translation was correct! Surely these three men knew absolutely then that the Book of Mormon was true, and they wrote and signed a message to the whole world about its truth and their visit from an angel. These men saw an angel just as much as men we learn of in the Bible saw angels. Of course what angels say is true, so the Book of Mormon is just as true as the Bible.

Application: How do you know the Book of Mormon is true? When you grow up how many would like to go on a mission to tell people who have not heard

or known as much as you do about the truth of this book? What else can you tell them that we have learned of the true Church? What can you be doing now to be getting ready to go on a mission?

Fourth Sunday

Lesson 8. The Organization of the Church

Reference "From Plowboy to Prophet," pages 38-40. "Latter-day Prophet," part of chapters IX and X.

Aim: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the true Church of Christ, organized under His direction and by authority given by Him.

Memory Gem: "And also those to whom these commandments were given might have power to lay the foundation of this Church, * * * the only true and living Church upon the face of the whole earth."

Outline:

- I. Book of Mormon Published.
 1. Translation completed.
 2. Plates returned.
 3. Book published.
- II. The Melchizedek Priesthood Restored.
 1. Upon whom conferred.
 2. By whom.
 3. Authority.
- III. Church Organized.
 1. Manner of organization, day and name revealed.
 2. Called after Jesus because it is His Church.

3. The proceedings at the organization.

4. Spiritual manifestation likened to the day of Pentecost.

Point of Contact: What is the name of our Church? Why is it called the Church of Jesus Christ? A long time ago when was the true Church on earth? Yes, when Jesus lived. After He was crucified, the apostles died and the people grew so wicked that there was no true church any place in the world. There were a great many churches but not one was the true church. What question did Joseph Smith ask when he prayed in the woods? What was the answer to that prayer? Today we will learn how the true church was brought back again to the earth.

In giving the lesson call attention to the fact that Peter, James and John were the ones whom Jesus left at the head of His Church when He went to His Father. They, then, were the right persons to bring it back to earth. Though they had been in heaven for hundreds of years, our Heavenly Father sent them to restore this holy priesthood. They were the same men who were with Jesus when He raised the dead, prayed in Gethsemane, etc., etc. Now that they had visited Joseph and Oliver, the true Church, or Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints could be organized. It is the only true Church in all the world.

Application: What kind of lives should the members of Jesus' Church live? Tell just what you can do.

Kindergarten Department

Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Assisted by Beulah Woolley and Kate McAllister

The Word of Wisdom

The lessons this month are examples of the keeping of the word of wisdom, the blessings and benefits of which should be impressed upon the little children's minds. Lead them to feel that to grow strong, brave and have courage to do the right they must take care of their bodies, and eat nourishing food.

We must first be converted to the Word of Wisdom and observers of its teachings in order to be able to make the child feel that what he sometimes sees others doing in the home is against the laws of God. He must know that tea, coffee and liquors are injurious to his body and nervous system, and that they injure the eyesight and hearing of young children.

In school examinations of abnormal children, it has been found that the nervous system has been excited and weakened by the feeding of these stimulants to young children. If we can impress the older members of our classes with the fact that the use of the stimulant is displeasing to our Heavenly Father, they will carry the thought into their homes and thereby continue the missionary work by refusing to partake of them.

We can also teach the lack of wisdom in eating highly-spiced foods and colored candy. Many parents do not know of the evil effects of these things upon the stomachs and nervous systems of their children and wonder why they are sick and suffer a few years later.

Let us make our teaching as positive

as possible, telling children things which are for their good and about the fruits and vegetables God has placed on the earth for the food of His children.

"Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten" is now on sale at the Deseret Sunday School Union office, price 40 cents, post-paid. This little book contains all the lessons, memory gems, rest exercises, and pictures for this year's work. We earnestly hope all teachers will procure a copy at once, as no more lessons will be published in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The space will be devoted to articles helpful in child-training and methods of teaching.

A Message to Kindergarten Teachers

"If you would bind your little one to you
Bind your own soul to all that's high
and true,
And let its light shine clear through all
you do."

This was one of Froebel's messages to mothers. The two last lines are equally applicable to kindergarten teachers in our Sunday Schools. The little children, although, they cannot state their feelings in words, know whether or not you are true in all that you do. With sincerity of purpose and hard work there is much that you can accomplish.

Have you studied the physical needs of the children in your class? Above all, they need a comfortable, sanitary room in which to meet, the fire made in time—in seasons, when a fire is necessary—so that the room throughout is of proper temperature when it is time for the children to assemble, and the room clean and properly ventilated. These are essential conditions which every true kindergarten teacher is determined shall exist. The children should be seated so that their little feet can touch the floor and their backs given support. This necessitates having little chairs or low, narrow benches for the kindergarten children. Even in schools where all the pupils have of necessity to meet in one room, with the co-operation of the bishopric and the superintendency of the Sunday School ways and means may be devised so that the chairs can be bought and cared for. If you wish the little ones

to have reverence for the house of worship, to sit orderly and quietly, make the conditions favorable for them to do so. One teacher has said: "The kindergarten, as a rule, is a person full of creative activity. She has been defined as one who transforms the mud under her feet into beautiful forms. If this be true, we may expect her to transform any environment in which she may be placed, or at least have a desire to do so, especially if she is made aware of her power to change her condition." Have you learned to love beautiful pictures, to appreciate choice selections of music? Then bring those best suited to little children into the Sunday School. Because you do not have a separate classroom is no reason why you should not have these things. Even theological students will be better for having before them such pictures as "Jesus Blessing little children," "The Good Shepherd," and "Jesus in the Temple."

Have you so filled your souls with the truthfulness of this great latter-day work that your words sound with a true ring to the pure, eager, little listeners who come to you each Sabbath morning? It means, sweet, prayerful study. If you come to your class thoroughly prepared with the truth in the lesson you are to teach, then you need not fear for the results of your teaching. Do you inspire the child to act? Lead the children to tell you just as much of the lesson as possible. Help your children to leave the class with rejoicing and thanksgiving in their little hearts for God's goodness to them, and the true, reverential spirit will be with them.

Do you strive for that same spirit to be with you in other religious gatherings, when the eyes of the little ones may not be upon you? To sit and laugh and talk during the afternoon or evening service, is not to live your teaching; your light is not shining. It may be that some little eyes are watching you, and they discover that you have not been true to your teaching. So keep ever the thought before you:

"Bind your soul to all that's high and
true,
And let its light shine clear through all
you do."

—Benlah Woolley.

"A MAN'S life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." The land of wealth is not the empire of peace. Joy is not bounded on the north by poverty, on the east by obscurity, on the west by simplicity, and on the south by servitude. It runs far over these borders on every side. The lowliest, plainest, narrowest life may be the sweetest.—*Van Dyke*.



Some Children who Never Grew Up

By Florence L. Lancaster

O Mothers who have laid away some precious bairn, bethink how many a spirit-wave has rippled upon the shore of Life, to recede with a tired sigh into the tide of the Here-after, over whose mystic silence hangs the Bow of Peace: bethink of it, and smile amidst your mourning!

"Children do not *often* die," Ray had asserted in a meditative tone. His thoughts reverted to his tall lily-pale cousin from America, who had returned home robust after a year's visit to old England. But he also thought wistfully of a bright curl which had adorned the brow of a baby-brother, who had been laid asleep amidst summer flowers, to sleep on since amidst the snow.

"Yet sometimes," replied Grandma, resting her hand a moment on the sunny head, "even little children die."

In all ages, amidst all nations, it has been so.

Saturday had once more come round, and the trio were again at the British Museum, in another section of the building though on the same floor as that which includes the ancient toys. The chamber they were now in was one of the most marvelous in the world, for it was the Hall of Mummies, and contained eloquent relics of a mystic race who were in a highly developed state of civilization when the wandering ancestors of the great peoples of today were crude barbarians. "Long before the great Moses, Egypt was," exclaimed Aunt

Laura as she conducted the two children between rows of glass cases and upright caskets, curiously painted, the contents of rifled tombs. The embalmed bodies we call mummies were swathed in linen the hue of an autumn-brown leaf, wound so skilfully around body, limbs and face that the human form thus wrapped was concealed, but yet denoted. In some cases the resemblance to life was startling, for upon the bandaged face had been painted the dark eyes and smiling lips, with pigments still fresh of tint. More often, however, this likeness was painted on a casket, in size and shape corresponding to the bandaged form. In addition to this casket was the straight outer coffin, of strong wood, generally inscribed with an epitaph in the intricate picture-writing of hieroglyphics.

"Oh, do look at this strange comb she must have worn!" exclaimed Daisy. They stood before a lissome womanly form, the face painted in portrayal of a pretty rounded visage, with big lustrous eyes. A two-sided comb was loosely inserted in the wrappings of the head, a crumpled wreath was about the crown, while laid loosely across the bandaged neck was a string of beads. An inscription identifying this, with the little accessories worn in life, had been translated: "The girl Cleopatra, A. D. 100."

A turn round a corner, and they came to painted coffins of the mummy children, all small compared with those which had been made for men and women, but not all of the same size. One such represented a girl of ten or twelve. Her eyes were black as sloes,

her mouth a cupid's bow. The outline of the face was somewhat unchildishly peaked, however, and her slender wrists were encircled with snake-like bracelets. This little lady, represented as wearing a red robe over a yellow tunic, was of the date A. D. 200, and therefore belonged, like her of the preceding century, to the period when the Egyptian race was admixed with the successive Greek and Roman conquerors.

Of much earlier date was a tiny coffin enclosing the embalmed body of



THE CHERUB CHOIR

a child of two or three. The coffin was painted with a depiction of beaded net-work, red over a black background. Surmounting this was a gilded baby-face represented with a quaint goatee-beard. This was described by an accompanying label as "A child of high rank, in the form of the god Osiris." There was also a statement to the effect that this coffin "had never been opened."

"Do you think there are any toys inside, Auntie?" inquired Ray.

"Surely. Perhaps a crystal marble or two, or a carved wooden horse, such as we saw from Egypt not long ago."

Another tiny coffin represented a quite young child, with round baby face and innocent mirthful eyes. One of the little hands held a bunch of red flowers. "These from the earliest times," said Aunt Laura, "were used amongst Eastern nations to symbolize death, and not white flowers, such as we put on the graves of loved ones today: this was perhaps because red is the color of the common poppy, though there are white poppies, too. Next week," she continued, "I would like you to have a peep at some beautiful and curious tombs of illustrious children a thousand years or so nearer our own day—those in Westminster Abbey."

"Are there children buried in the Abbey?" queried Daisy. "Ah yes! now I remember—the bones of the Little Princes smothered in the Tower, when discovered long after," quoted she from a lurid page of her brown-backed *History of England*. "I should like to see the poor little Princes' tomb."

A week later found them in the hushed precincts of Westminster Abbey, threading their way behind a verger amongst the splendid tombs of brass and marble, beneath which are preserved the dust of kings and queens, renowned warriors and dames of high degree. In a grey recess beneath the shadow of a moulded arch was "Innocents' Corner." A sarcophagus with an inscription in Latin marked the burial-place of the remains of the two young princes who were overtaken by so dark a fate, Edward the Fifth and his brother Richard, Duke of York. It was related how the bones of these "Babes in the Wood" were discovered beneath some stairs in the Tower, bringing to light the dark deed more than 200 years after, when they were conveyed hither. The space in front of this was filled



THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER

Milnes.

by two tiny sculptured tombs. One was in the form of an old-fashioned cradle, with a lace-trimmed counterpane delicately chiseled in the grey stone; upon the other was the effigy of a little girl of two or three, asleep. These were tombs of two little Stuart Princesses, both daughters of James the First, the infant of the "Cradle

Tomb" dying when but a few days old. "If either of them had lived," mused Aunt Laura, "the course of history might have taken a different turn. Queen Mary the Second was succeeded by her sister Anne: but if the Mary there, or the little Sophia had ever grown up—why, there might have been no contumacious George

the Third of England, and George Washington might have died obscure, despite the cherry-tree."

"I think I recollect reading that Queen Anne had many children that never grew up," remarked Daisy.

By and by they came to the resting-place of that royal mother whose fate resembled Niobe's. A plain marble slab, in line with certain other such, marked where she lay: buried in the same tomb were said to be seventeen of her children, all of whom, it was declared, had died in infancy. "I wonder why," pondered Daisy.

"I think," replied Aunt Laura, catching the little girl's thought, "their death must have been due to congenital disease, and if they had lived they might not have been healthy or strong. But suppose we take a glimpse of the Cloisters, before we get our 'bus home.'"

Here where the daylight lingered were forgotten stones, the names on which had been all but worn away by passing feet, while nearby were some newly made tombs upon which fresh lilies had been placed. Upon the crumbling grey walls epitaphs had been carved long ago. The quick eye of Aunt Laura descried amongst them one unique in its brevity, though inscribed in an age when—as was the prevailing fashion subsequently—long and flattering memorials were generally in vogue:

JANE LISTER.

DEAR CHILDE.

And the date of her death, 1688. That was all.

When on their return they were cozily seated round the fire, relating what had been contemplated in the Abbey to grandma, Aunt Laura remarked:

"I wonder where that young Princess Amelia was buried, who, when she felt that the world and all its outward pleasures were fading from her, revealed an inner world of thought of

her own." On an inquiry from Daisy, Auntie continued: "She was the youngest daughter of George the Third, who, despite his slight acquaintance with his distant American colonies, was a sincere and simple but heavily-afflicted gentleman. Well, in a delightful book called *The Four Georges*, Thackeray described how this bright and gentle Amelia, who passed away in her teens, must have undergone a change of spirit similar to that of *The May Queen* which some of Daisy's friends recite. In a poem which Amelia herself wrote during her illness, she describes how she felt in those other days when, a young princess, the world seemed 'at her feet,' something to this effect:

'Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung:

* * * * *
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.'

"The final verse, in grave and tender retrospection, ending thus:

'When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,
It then occurred, how sad 'twould be
Were this world only made for me.'

Later, turning over the leaves of her little volume of French poetry, Daisy came across a beautiful verse written by the poet for the epitaph of a young girl whose name was Rosette. Translated it ran:

"And Rose, she has lived what rose live,
The space of a morn."

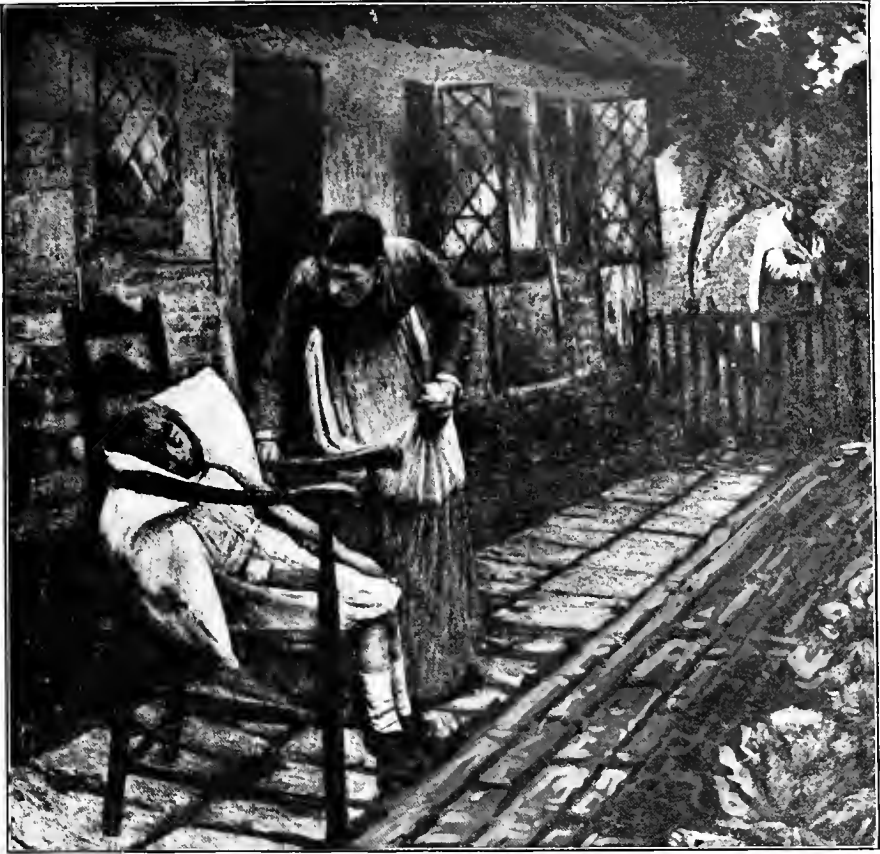
Daisy thought the lines would have been apposite to carve beneath the name of the young Princess Amelia, who had faded in her bloom; Aunt Laura thought so, too.

All in good time the rime of waning Winter's breath was dispelled in a radiant smile of Spring, and Easter came. The two children and their aunt went to spend the week-end at the invitation of Peggy's mother, whom they had to come to know through

their cousin Muriel, who was Peggy's cousin also on her father's side. Though only some twenty miles by rail from London, the peaceful valley-town swept by the winds of God seemed far, far away from the great city with its labyrinths of streets, its clamor of unresting wheels, and the tread of weary feet. One of the win-

greens; many were grey and moss-flecked, and here and there one leaned awry. Aunt Laura, with an arm around Daisy's little waist, stood in contemplation of the view from the window.

"The churchyard here must be very old," Daisy remarked. Though not of morbid trend, she had come to take



"THE MAN WITH THE SCYTHE"

Thangue.

dows of Peggy Dale's home afforded a sweeping view of the town nestling amidst tree-crowned knolls and swelling uplands; while at one side a grey tower quaintly pinnacled seemed to point a silent finger upward from the mounds and headstones reared around it. Some of the latter shone white against the dark boughs of ever-

a lingering interest, which was biographical chiefly, in the tombs and epitaphs of those flowers in the fields of Time the Great Reaper had mown.

"Tomorrow, if it is fine, as it seems to promise, we will take a stroll there after service."

"If you wish to do that," added Mrs. Dale, as she spread the table with

a white cloth in preparation for the evening meal, "I will conduct you to see where five little graves are, all in a row."

Easter morning shone effulgently.

The sky was flanked at the horizon with shimmering floating clouds such as Wordsworth described as "trailing clouds of glory." Golden flowers, pent in their dark mysterious cells a month ago, had burst into bloom. Birds which had been silent while the rigid sway of the frost prevailed, now vented a jubilant chorus of song, with solos at stated intervals. All Nature proffered spontaneous tribute to the resurrection morn. The way to the little church led along a smooth white country road, on either side of which were shelving banks, topped by hedges rows verdant with expanding leaf. Ray and Peggy ran on in front, making various thrilling discoveries from time to time amongst the hedgerows, while Daisy preferred to walk sedately with the two ladies. On coming out of church, our friends found their way through the springing grass to the whereabouts of "those five little graves" of which their hostess had spoken.

Here they all were, each with its little headstone telling how the blossom had opened into life, and then shut its petals like a flower at eventide. All were children of one family. The headstones related how the three first had died in infancy, each under two years; the fourth was a child of nine; the next and last another infant, of fourteen months. It was impossible to read the brief epitaphs and not seem to realize the disappointment of the parents, as they watched the growth into boyhood of the fourth child, only to see it fade away as its brother and sisters had done.

"This little family of five," said Aunt Laura, breaking silence, "reminds me of an instance when Dickens declared how fact is often stranger than fiction. He related in a letter to a friend how in a churchyard he came

across *six* little graves, all of one family, side by side just as these are; on adapting their description to a story, however, he thought it expedient to reduce the number, lest readers should declare it was 'overdrawn.'"

"Has it ever occurred to you," said Mrs. Dale, "how that dictum of the ancients 'Whom the gods love die young' unconsciously anticipated the Savior's saying, 'For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven?'"

Daisy pondered for awhile, and then remarked:

"Do you know, auntie, I have sometimes thought that means that all children who die will enter the New Life as little children—children who will go on growing there."

Aunt Laura thought of a look in the eyes of certain men and women she had loved, trusting, trustful, a child-like look which they had never lost; and it seemed to her that somehow had been revealed to the simple soul of Daisy a rare gleam of truth.

Lines once read, but forgotten until now, recurred to mind. As they took the path that led homeward through the open gates, she murmured in low clear tones, while Daisy listened happily:

"So may He keep you in the faith alway,
And bring you to that Home for which
you pray,
Where all shall have their child-hearts
back one day."

An Unhappy Banquet

By Horace H. Cummings.

When I was a little tot—much smaller than the youngest readers of the JUVENILE—we had a very funny dinner at our house that has often caused me to laugh since when I thought of it, and yet it has been a very useful lesson to me since I have become older. It happened when I was so small that it is perhaps the earliest event that I can now remember.

We were living at Willow Creek—now Willard—a few miles north of Ogden. My father had been on one or two missions to the Indians, and had made many friends among them. They would often come into the little settlement and seek my father for good advice, or some kind of aid and to have a visit with him.

One time there came to our little house three great big Indian chiefs. Their faces were painted and they had feathers sticking up from their hair. Their bodies were wrapped in large striped blankets, and on their feet they wore buckskin moccasins. While they looked very fierce, they acted in a very friendly way so that I was not very much frightened of them, though I took care to have a goodly distance between them and me at all times, and at first I clung to my mother's skirts and looked past her at them with childish timidity.

When they spoke to father I could not understand one word they said, nor any of the queer gestures they made. I do not know to this day what they came to see my father for, but they made us quite a long visit.

Our parlor, sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen were all in one of the two rooms of our little log house; so, while my father and the three Indians were talking in one part of the room, my mother was at work preparing our dinner over an old-fashioned fire-place on the other side.

Now, I had never seen a stove; in fact, I did not know that there was such a thing made as a stove, and I am sure you would think the way my mother baked the bread, boiled the potatoes and fried the meat over the sage-brush fire in that broad, fire-place very strange. So did the Indians, for they were not used to even a fire-place in which to do their cooking, and they were not used to doing very much cooking any way.

At last, after what seemed to me a very, very long time—for I was so

hungry—my mother said that dinner was ready.

A snow-white tablecloth was spread over the small home-made table and the few chairs—also home-made—were placed around it, on three sides, while the "water pail bench" furnished a seat for two of the diners on the fourth side. Our guests were given seats at my father's right hand while mother and one or two of the older children sat on his left.

Alas for me; in spite of my hunger I had to wait for the second table, as did my youngest sister, who was a babe and asleep on the bed. There was no room at the table for us and we were only little folks anyway.

After the blessing on the food was asked my father served the three big Indian chiefs with meat, potatoes and gravy, bread, etc., and all began to eat. No, not all. The three visitors did not eat one mouthful. Do you wonder why not? It was not because they were ill, or were not hungry, or did not like the food that my mother had prepared.

What do you think was the reason they sat still and seemed to be ashamed or mortified? I don't believe you can guess so I will tell you. But first, I will tell you of something very funny that happened which may help you to guess.

The Indians, seeing the members of the family using their knives and forks in preparing and putting their food into their mouths, had also picked up their knives and forks in a very awkward way, but did not know how to use them, as perhaps they had never in all their lives before, seen anyone eat with knives and forks and plates and other dishes such as we had. All their lives they had eaten sitting on the ground, perhaps beside a fire and had no tools but their fingers to eat with save, perhaps, their huge hunting-knives—no chairs, no table-cloth, no plates, nor other dishes such as we use in our homes. Therefore they felt very strange and out of place. They

were very unhappy because they could not do as the rest were doing.

Suddenly a great noise and sputter occurred at the fireplace. The great tea-kettle boiled over, or the frying pan turned over, or something else as had happened, which made a great noise and much smoke in the fireplace so that everybody's attention turned from the dinner table to the fireplace.

Taking advantage of this situation one of the hungry Indians thought he would get something to eat in his own way while no one was looking, so he grabbed a large piece of meat in his hand and in great haste thrust it into his mouth.

"Whoop! Wow!" yelled the Indian chief in such a loud voice that it frightened me nearly to death and caused everybody to turn from looking into the fireplace and to look at him. In his hurry to get something to eat he had forgotten to drop his fork which he still held in his hand, and when he thrust the meat so quickly into his mouth, he stuck the fork into his eye by the same act.

I was so frightened at his war whoop that I do not remember what else happened that day. To the older ones who were not so badly frightened it was a very funny incident, and no doubt they often laughed about it afterwards.

Surely you can all tell now why those hungry Indians did not enjoy a meal which to them was a banquet. If they could have eaten it in their own way and with their own people, they would have thought it very extraordinary and enjoyed it greatly.

Now that I am older I sometimes think that if we had all our wishes granted how often we would find ourselves unhappy for the same reasons as were the Indians. We often wish that we had positions for which we are not at all prepared to fill. We think only of the large salary, automobile rides, honors, etc., but do not stop to ask ourselves if we are prepared to do the work, or carry the re-

sponsibilities of the coveted positions; and we should be very unhappy in finding out our weakness or lack of training which the position demands.

Even do I believe that many people who wish to go to heaven would find themselves miserable, indeed, if allowed to dwell in the presence of pure and holy beings, who would all see and understand the sinful acts and desires of such persons. If we want to be happy and go into the presence of our Heavenly Father to dwell, our lives and desires must be pure, like His and we must be intelligent and wise as He has commanded us to be. We must get used to doing and thinking as heavenly beings do and think. Wicked people would be filled with shame and remorse to be in such company and would greatly prefer to be in company like themselves.

Tad's New Ten Cent Piece

By Lella Marler Hoggan

Tad had come to town with his father. It was the first time he had been away from the ranch for many weeks. His eyes opened wide with surprise and interest as they passed by the brightly decorated windows and at last paused in front of the fifteen-cent store. His father hitched the horse, shook the dust from his shoulders, and turned to Tad.

"I have to go to the bank, Tad. You stay close around, and I'll find you when I am ready. Look at things if you want to, but remember you must not touch anything."

"All right, daddy!" was his cheerful reply.

He watched his father enter the bank and then he began an interesting survey of the wonders before him. Everything was so bright and beautiful to little Tad's eyes that he could hardly tell which appealed to him most. Finally he entered the fifteen-cent store. The very first thing he spied was a low counter temptingly

decorated with rubber flippers. There were large flippers and small ones. Flippers with stocks and flipper elastics. To Tad's wondering eyes it seemed as if most of the flippers in the universe had been assembled on that one small table. Now, a flipper was a forbidden plaything in Tad's home, and perhaps that is one of the reasons why these looked so splendid to Tad. He stood gazing at them wishfully, when a pleasant-faced young lady stepped up to him and asked, "Did you wish to buy one?" Tad hung his head and did not speak for a minute. The lady was just turning to go when Tad found his tongue.

"How much does that one cost," he asked, ducking his head again, and pointing at a solid looking flipper with a red stock.

"Let's see," said the young lady, picking it up. "That one costs ten cents. Do you want to buy it?"

"No," Tad answered, almost in a whisper.

The girl was gone, but he could hardly pull himself away from the counter. He walked to the door. His father had not yet come. He walked down to the fruit stand, and past the candy kitchen, but before he realized it, his legs were carrying him back to the fifteen-cent store. If he only had ten cents he knew what he would do. He put his hands into his empty pockets and looked sad. He turned to go into the store, but he stopped short in astonishment. There on the pavement, right in front of him, lay a bright new dime. He felt as if the fairies had dropped it down for him. He picked it up quickly and slipped it into his pocket and walked briskly into the store. He looked neither to the right nor the left, but marched straight to the little counter in the corner. He waited a long time before anyone came, and he began to wonder if his father had come yet, when the same young lady again came up to him.

"What is it, sonny?" she asked.

"I want that red flipper," he said

laying his bright new ten-cent piece on the counter. The girl smiled as she passed the flipper to him.

Tad poked it deep down into his pocket and walked out of the store. In a few minutes he saw his father coming. They went to several stores together, and his father bought him some salted peanuts and a big green top that sang when it spun. But Tad was very quiet. He didn't feel good. The bright, pretty colors seemed to have faded out of the windows. Things looked ever so plain. And his pocket felt so heavy. It seemed to be pulling his heart right down, down. He wondered why his father objected to flippers. And then he remembered his father's words:

"I don't want a plaything around the place that is going to bring pain and death to some poor little helpless creature."

When they reached home his father was busy sharpening his hay knives and his mother was bustling about the kitchen baking and frying and boiling. The kitchen was full of good things to eat; for mother was going to have a sewing bee the next day. So Tad went off, alone, down in the field. All the birds and squirrels seemed to have gone to sleep, and never a toad or snake or mouse showed his head. Tad touched his red flipper lovingly. It was such a wonderful thing, to have a new red flipper bought with a new ten-cent piece that the fairies must have dropped down for him. And yet his heart was heavy all the day. He slipped at posts and at rocks and at flowers and he even killed one big, yellow butterfly. Then just as he was coming home in the evening, walking along slowly, all at once a little gray brown bird flew up right in front of him. The bird lit on the old pine covered shed back of the granary and hopped from one pine twig to another. He took aim and fired away. The rock flew straight to its mark and the little brown bird fell to the ground. He ran and picked it up and the warm

blood stained his little hands. He stood very still holding the little dead bird in his hand.

"What will daddy say?" he whispered to himself.

Running to the little ditch he washed the blood from his hands. Then he went quietly into the kitchen. His mother was through baking. She was lying down on the lounge in the dining room, resting.

"Is that you, Tad?" she called.

"Yes, mama."

"Where have you been all afternoon?"

"Oh just monkeyin' around."

"It's nearly time for supper, don't go away again."

"I won't."

Then taking the fire-shovel, he slipped out back of the shed and dug a little hole in the soft ground. He dropped the little brown bird into it, covered it up carefully, and went back to the house. He went to bed early that night, forgetting all about his new top.

The next morning he climbed onto the shed to see if there might not be a brown bird's nest in the boughs. But he did not see one. Just as he heard his mother calling dinner he spied a bunch of sticks in the green boughs and climbing to it he found the nest he had looked for. In it there lay two little dead birds. He slipped them into his pocket and went into the house to dinner.

The ladies of the sewing bee were all there, laughing and talking and making jokes. A basket set on the window seat was half full of balls of carpet rags. Father sat at the head of the table telling a jolly story. Mrs. Johnson hurriedly put the last handful of loose rags in the tub before setting down.

"Only about a pound left," she ventured, lifting them up.

"Run out of a job, already, have they, ma," asked Tad's father.

"No, indeed," said his mother.

"There is a big sack full in the cellar to be sewed yet."

They ate their dinner cheerfully, and then while the women were clearing off the dishes, father went to the cellar to get the last sack of carpet rags.

He came back smiling but empty-handed.

"Say, mother, let's take the ladies to the canyon picking berries, will you?" His eyes twinkled and mother looked up wonderingly.

"Not until we have finished those carpet rags," she said decidedly.

"Can't sew them today," said father quietly.

"And why not?" demanded mother.

"You surely wouldn't break up a home and kill two babies would you?" asked father, the twinkle still in his eyes.

"Pa Johnson, what do you mean?" demanded mother vigorously.

"I mean that a house wren has built her nest in the top of the sack and no one is going to touch that sack until the little young ones learn to fly."

The women all agreed that Mr. Johnson was right. Even mother refused to sew carpet rags at such a sacrifice.

Tad's hand was in his pocket. He could feel the red stock of a flipper between his fingers, and below that was something cold and dead. He felt like a very wicked boy. He imagined they could all see right through his pocket. He slipped out into the kitchen quietly and taking the fire-shovel with him he hurriedly dug into the soft dirt until he found the little brown bird. He laid it on the grass and dug the hole deeper. Then he dropped it into the hole and placed the two little dead birds alongside of it. He threw in a little dirt and then hesitated. He drew the flipper out of his pocket and looked long and lovingly at the bright red handle. He threw in another handful of dirt, then hesitated again.

"Digging for treasure," said a

voice, and Tad looked up startled. His father was coming towards him. He dropped the flipper into the hole.

"What is it, my boy?" asked his father kindly.

Tad looked into the hole but he did not speak.

"Can't you tell papa?" he asked, still in a gentle tone.

"I didn't think I could throw so straight," Tad faltered, dashing the tears out of his eyes with his little muddy hand.

"When did you kill her, Tad?" asked papa quietly.

"Last night, about sun-down."

"How many little ones was there?"

"Jist two."

His father looked at the flipper.

"Where did you get it, Tad?"

"At the fifteen-cent store." Again he mopped the tears away with his little, dirty fist. "I found a new ten-cent piece," he sobbed, "right in front of me on the pavement, and there wasn't nothin' else worth buyin'."

His father patted him gently on the head and drew him up close.

"I understand," he whispered, and he lifted the birds and the flipper out of the hole. Then he dug the hole real deep and began plucking handfuls of grass to line it. Tad pulled the grass desperately.

"Put them in, Tad," said his father.

That time Tad did not hesitate. He laid the birds in gently and then placed the red-handled flipper along at one side. Together they covered up the hole and father tamped the soft earth down with his foot. Then taking his handkerchief from his pocket he washed Tad's face at the ditch and carefully dried it.

"Come on, lad," he said, "I need some help at the barn."

When they reached the fresh dirt again, Tad paused and kicked the dirt with his foot.

"Let's forget about it, Tad, shall we?"

"I'll never get another one, daddy, as long as I live."

"I know it, I had one once."

They spent a jolly afternoon in the mountains. The women picked berries and Tad and his father caught some mountain trout.

The next morning when Tad pulled his stocking on he felt something hard in the toe. Drawing it out, he saw a new ten-cent piece, shining in his hand."

The Captain of the Brampton Team

By F. H. Sweet

The boys stared at each other in silence. The announcement had stunned them. Harry Clark joined the Church—their Harry! And going to Sunday School, too, regularly, and asking others to go with him! It was more than their minds could grasp, offhand. They had never before quite realized how big a share of their games and fun was represented by quick-witted, energetic Harry.

"Have to elect a new captain for our football team," grumbled Tommy West, disconsolately; "and not one of us can do it half so well as him. He didn't say a word about religion at our meeting Saturday, and we planned for a practice game this morning. A new captain—"

"Captain nothing!" interrupted Fred Stearns shortly. "Several of us could fill that position decently. It's the half-back business that's going to cripple. Harry's the only half-back we've got in sight. Without him we'll be just an ordinary scrub team instead of the champions of the surrounding country. And then there's our baseball in spring. Harry's captain and pitcher in that, and his going out will leave a ragged hole that can't be patched. Then all the ice games and skating contests and sledding parties where Harry's push and whooping keeps everything on the run. Oh-huh!"

There seemed nothing more to be said, and they looked stupidly at each other, while the "Oh-huh!" passed from lips to lips in various forms and degrees of depression.

"Maybe he can play some of the quieter games with us on the ice," at last ventured little Jackie Post hopefully, "and—and slide down hill."

But this did not seem worthy of comment in words, so the others only grunted. One of them kicked the football at his feet with a vindictive spark of energy, but none of the others had the heart to follow it up.

"Hardly worth while for us to practice this morning," suggested Tommy, with a yawn.

"Of course not," snapped Fred. "We need to have a meeting first to elect a captain, and to fuss over a half-back—and I don't feel in the mood for it just now. Chase up that ball, you, Jackie, and tuck it under your arm, and we'll go—"

"Hey, there, you fellows! What are you moping about?" yelled a well-known voice that made every one of the depressed boys stiffen suddenly. "Guess you went to an ice cream party last night and overdid your share. Rouse up now, and get a push on! Don't be dead ones! Into the field, every man of you, and get busy! You, Fred, send that ball over to me, and try to lift it off the ground! Lively, now!"

The words went through them like a current of electricity, and with only a gasping, "It's—it's Harry!" from Jackie, they almost stumbled over each other in their enthusiasm to get into the field. Fred threw himself forward to the ball, lifted and dropped it, shot his foot out, and the oval rose into the air in a long, graceful curve that would pass over the advancing boy's head. But the captain and half-back of the Brampton football team did not mind a little thing like that. Running swiftly backward, with his face toward the sky, he calculated to a nicety where the ball would fall, and stopped himself just beyond, his muscles tense. When the ball came down, his foot, too, shot out, striking it squarely. Again the graceful curve was made, but much higher and longer

than the other, causing Fred, in turn, to hurry backward. He was not quick enough, however—or rather, the ball curved out beyond reach of his utmost exertion. It dropped into the hands of little Jackie, who had been jumping up and down in the outer field, but who, at sight of his chance, suddenly steadied down like a trained ball player. But when he essayed to punt back, his small, short legs could only make the ball curve over a rod or two of space. Of course the color mounted hotly to his face, but as the cheer for his catch had hardly died away, he felt somewhat consoled by that.

Another few minutes, and the team had arranged itself in position, and the practice went on with a spirit and dash that would have seemed impossible five minutes before. But Harry was with them—their Harry—who always bubbled over with enthusiasm, who was quick and daring and sure, and whose presence meant victories that would still keep their team to the front. So they all played enthusiastically and well, Fred making some of his most brilliant punts and the others doing things that added to the team's glory and their own records. For had they not been in the lowest depths of depression and suddenly risen to enthused heights? When the practice was over they gathered about Harry with moist faces and snapping eyes.

"Wish there wasn't any school tomorrow, so we could keep the team moving," cried Tommy, excitedly.

"Well, we can put in an hour or so before school, if we get up early," declared Fred: "and can do it every morning in the week, too. Can't we, Harry?"

"Yes. We'll need it if we wish to score the Norvals. You remember how close the game was with them last year." He looked at the excited faces curiously, adding:

"What was the matter with you fellows when I came? Not one of you had his head up and his shoulders

back, after the manner of a good Brampton school boy. It almost looked as though you were about to quit the field without even a punt."

"We—were," squeaked little Jackie, frankly.

"What for?"

Jackie hesitated and looked toward Fred.

"Why, er—Fred said we'd need to have a meeting to—to elect a captain and half-back and get into organized shape again. And besides, we—we didn't feel like playing."

"Why not?"

Jackie dug the toe of his shoe into the dirt, and hung his head miserably.

"It's the—the religion. You'd joined the Church, and we heard you were going to Sunday School regularly," he stammered faintly.

Harry stared for a moment. Then his face cleared, and he broke into a ringing laugh, after which he suddenly became grave.

"Boys," he said seriously, "I'm afraid you've got a queer idea of religion. Do you think it cuts out all the cheerfulness and fun and frolic? Why, it's just the opposite. I never felt so happy and ready for wholesome fun in my life, and I feel perfectly sure that in trying to make myself happy and strong, and others around me happy and strong, I am doing work that Jesus would like."

"But—football, and baseball, and—and just hallooing and carrying on," said Tommy, wondering. "I thought religion meant being—being solemn and saving souls, and—"

"I felt a little that way, too, at first," said Harry, frankly; "and I talked with the Bishop about it. He showed me that loving Jesus and wanting to serve Him was joy—the greatest joy that any one could feel in this world. And you know if you're happy and glad all the way through, you want everybody to be happy and glad with you, and try to induce them to be so. That's what you mean by

saving souls. You don't understand just what religion is, that's all."

"Fred and Tommy used to go to Sunday School, when they were smaller," spoke up Jackie defensively. "I've heard 'em say so. And I went, a little, last year."

"I wish you boys could have a talk with the Bishop," said Harry, wistfully. "None of you have any idea what sort of man he really is. Why, he's just loaded up with fun and interesting stories, and I don't believe he'd hint of religion the first time you talked with him. You'd think he was a great big boy, like yourselves, except for knowing so much. And he likes games, too. He played football when in college, and was a cracker-jack quarter back."

"Football—the Bishop!" exclaimed Fred, incredulously. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"You'd learn other things you never heard of before if you could have a boy and boy talk with him," declared Harry. "Just to hear him talk about some of his college experiences would beat the most interesting book you ever read. He's been too busy to attend any of our games so far, but he told me he certainly would make an extra effort to see us play Norvals. I think he could give us valuable points if we'd let him. But I must hurry now, for I promised father to help weed the garden this afternoon. Remember to be on the campus by seven sharp tomorrow morning, if we're to get in an hour's practice."

Every morning during the rest of the week the Brampton football team had its hour or more of practice on the campus, the enthusiasm in no whit decreasing as the days went by. Sometimes the boys would look covertly at their cheery captain as though still trying to resolve some problem in their minds. But by the end of the week the unchanging and joyous enthusiasm of Harry had caused the questioning to mostly disappear. Saturday afternoon, as soon as school

was dismissed, they gathered in a compact group to discuss the coming game, which would be played the following Monday, the school week's holiday. As they were about to separate, Harry looked from one to another with friendly affection.

"Boys," he said, "I'm not going to urge you to anything against your inclination, or bind you to something that you might feel irksome. But I wish to say I enjoy the Sunday School thoroughly, and you all know me well enough to be sure that when I say so I'm not merely talking. I shall go tomorrow, and I will be at the campus gate at a quarter before nine, and I need hardly add how glad I'll be to have any of you join me. I'm in the Bible class, which the Bishop himself teaches. He is wonderfully interesting."

The boys' faces did not look very responsive, and as Harry turned away he had a half regretful feeling that perhaps he had not been quite explicit enough in his urging. So, when he found six of them waiting for him at the campus gate the next morning he was agreeably surprised.

When they entered the Bible class the boys looked non-committal, though they behaved and listened attentively. They were there through a mixture of affection for Harry and a curiosity to hear the Bishop talk. But, when Sunday School was dismissed, these boys were as enthusiastic as Harry himself, and the entire six declared their intention of attending regularly. Through their additional influence and talk the rest of the team joined them the following Sunday.

By that time Harry was already talking with other boys about their interesting Sunday School, not asking them bluntly, nor intimating it was their duty to go, but making them feel what they were losing by not doing so. Soon new boys began to enter the school, some joining the Bible class and others entering lower ones.

Six months later there was a revival

in the church, and among those who applied for membership were four of the Brampton football team.



The Ladybird

Mother! do come and look!
See this pretty little thing!
I need not feel a bit afraid,
I know the darling will not sting.

It is a crimson ladybird;
I wonder why the pet has come?
Perhaps it wants a little food
To carry with it to its home!

Oh, it spreads its tiny wing!
Mother, see! it flies away!
Ladybird, you're going home,
But come again, another day!

A Foot-Race and its Lesson

By *Wm. A. Morton.*

A short time ago I had the privilege of addressing a class of one hundred Deacons of Pioneer stake. That evening I preached a little sermon to them about "playing the game of life fair," which later appeared in the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*. I have another little sermon I would like to preach to boys—and girls, too—and will do so as I did before—by means of a story.

When I was a little boy, about 12 years of age, I was a member of a Presbyterian Sunday School. It was the custom of the school to each year have an excursion. A wealthy gentleman kindly granted us the use of the broad acres surrounding his home, and there, on the green grass and under the shade of the trees, we spent a delightful day—feasting and in games and sports of various kinds.

The Sunday School was having its annual excursion. It was afternoon, and a program of athletic sports was being carried out. One of the items on the program was a race for boys of twelve years. About fifteen boys were lined up for the race. I was standing watching them when the minister of the church came up, and addressing me, asked, "Aren't you going to run in this race?"

"No, sir," I replied.

I did not think I could win, and I did not want to be beaten. But the minister was determined I should run, so he said to me, rather sharply:

"Yes, you are going to run. Go over to that tree, take off your shoes and stockings and come back and enter this race."

I dared not think of disobeying the minister, so I quickly removed my footwear and took my place among the young runners.

The distance was 100 yards out, round a flag pole, and back to the starter. Rain had fallen the night before, and the ground was somewhat wet and slippery. I made up my mind that inasmuch as I had been compelled to run, I would put forth my best effort, and do all in my power to carry off the first prize—a fine harmonica. The starter called, "One, two, three. Go!" and we were off. A boy who was more fleet of foot than the rest soon took the lead. I forged ahead to second place. I was running as fast as I could, spurring myself on with the thought that I would win the second prize—a good story book. But just as the leader turned round the flag-pole he slipped and fell. I was

close behind him, and as he was getting up I put my foot on his back, pressed him down again, sprang forward and won the race. I was awarded the first prize, and amid cheers and the clapping of hands I walked off quite triumphantly to don my shoes and stockings.

As soon as I had got rested I took the harmonica out of its case and began to play it. But, somehow, I was disappointed. It didn't furnish as good music as I thought it would. Instead of giving forth the strain, "See, the conquering hero comes," it seemed to speak, in no uncertain tones, these words: "You are a cheat, a fraud. You won me, but you did not win me fairly. You won me by putting your little brother down." I felt miserable. I would willingly have exchanged the harmonica for the story book, but the winner of the second prize would not exchange.

But, after all, I learned a lesson from that foot race. The harmonica preached a sermon to me, a sermon I have not forgotten. This is the sermon: "Don't try to build yourself up on the ruins of another."

Here is a little poem by Darius Matson I would advise boys to memorize:

"If y'r goin' in a race
W'y go in it to win.
If you lose it's no disgrace,
Nor no particular sin;
You jest do y'r level best,
An' jest run y'r mightiest,
And you may outstep the rest—
Anyway, try hard to win.

"If y'r goin' in a race
Don't begin to brag;
Only find y'r proper place,
An' then don't lag;
If you brag y'r wastin' breath
That ye'll need for runnin' with;
Let the others waste their breath,
Let the others lag!

If y'r goin' in a race,
Stick right there;
If you kin, w'y get the pace,
But do it fair;
If to win you have to cheat,
Let the other feller beat,
Dishonest victory's defeat—
Run with care."

The Children's Budget Box

How Papa's Prayer was Answered

I am going to tell the young readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR how the Lord answered my papa's prayer. Over two years ago a baby boy came to the home of my sister. He seemed to be strong and healthy. He weighed nine pounds. His papa and mama were very happy.

Soon after the baby was born he became very sick. First one doctor treated him and then another. But neither of them was able to help him. He did not gain an ounce in weight in seven months. At the end of that time he weighed just as many pounds as he did when he was born.

One evening my papa and mama went to my sister's home. They both cried when they saw the little baby. My sister also cried. My papa anointed the baby's head with consecrated oil, and prayed for him.

One night, about a week later, our telephone rang. My papa answered the call. My sister was at the other end of the line. She was crying. She said, "Papa, come to me as fast as you can; I am afraid my baby is dying."

My papa and mama went just as fast as they could to the home of my sister. The baby was so ill that it seemed he could not live through the night. Papa said, "Let us kneel down and pray."

While papa was praying he said: "Heavenly Father, we ask Thee, in the name of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, to send us some one who will be able to tell us what to do for this little child, who has been ill so long."

Mama thought that a strange thing for papa to say, and papa thought so, too. He had no idea of praying like that, but he told us that while he was praying he was prompted to utter these words. When they arose from their knees the baby was asleep. They sat down to watch beside the bed.

About ten minutes later the door bell rang, and three women entered the home. One of them said to my sister: "Mrs. Nielsen, this is Sister Clark, and this is Sister Peterson. They nursed me nine months ago, when I was in poor health. I have not seen them from that time to this evening. They decided today to come and visit me. As we were talking a few minutes ago I felt impressed to tell them about your baby. They said they would like to see the little one, so I brought them."

My sister thanked the ladies for coming. The nurses went over to the bed and looked at the baby. They shook their heads. One of them said: "He is as sick a child as I have ever seen."

"What are you doing for him?" asked the other nurse.

"Well, you are not doing what you ought to do. Now, let me advise you: Sponge the baby's body every two hours. Then rub plenty of good, olive oil into him. Give him half an ounce of food every half hour."

My sister said she would carry out the instructions of the nurse. She did so, and the next day the baby showed signs of improvement. At the end of a week he was much better, and in a month he gained four pounds. He is now a fine, healthy boy. We have thanked the Lord many times for answering papa's prayer.—N. M.

Summer

Here and there are leaves of green,
Pretty flowers can be seen.
Everywhere the blades are springing,
And the robin now is singing.
All the world is full of joy,
For the girlie and the boy.

Daunt Merrill,

Age 11.

Pima, Ariz.



Drawing by Leo Carlson,
Age 12. Oak City, Utah.

Bravery

In the year, 1897, the Blackfoot Indians decided to try their luck in an uprising occasioned by the United States officers killing an Indian who resisted arrest.

The people of Teton Valley were much alarmed and were on their guard day and night, and an appeal was sent to President McKinley for help. The troops quickly responded and the trouble was quietly settled as the Indians realized that they were powerless when the troops were called out.

One day two Indian braves, all decked in their war paints, came to Grandma Hill's and asked her for bread. She told them she did not have any for them. They said, "Me kill white woman." She gave them the bread and told them to watch her shoot a big hawk setting in a near-by tree. Taking the gun down she shot the hawk.

When they saw she was not afraid they said, "White women no scared," and went on their way.

Miss Vida Hill,
Age 13. Driggs, Idaho.

The Wedding of the Poppy and the Rose

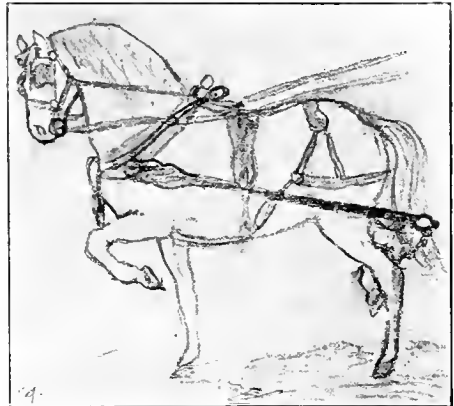
'Twas a balmy day in June
When the birds all sang their best
And the bees all hummed a tune,
Long before the sun went west.

For 'twas the wedding day
Of the Poppy and the Rose;
And Miss Rose-Bud, we may say,
Was the fairest flower that grows.

All the birds and flowers were there,
To see Miss Rose-Bud wed,
And to please the happy groom
Who was the Poppy red.

The happy pair were wed;
And the flowers began to dine,
On cherry pie, and cake,
And on most delicious wine.

At last the flowers went home,
But they were a happy lot.
The violet said good-bye,
Said the Rose for-get-me-not.
Teenie Cox,
Age 13. Woodruff, Rich Co., Utah.



By James W. Cook,
Age 12. Ophir, Utah.

Mary's Amazing Cow

Mary had a little cow,
With hair as soft as silk;
And every time that Mary nods
It gives a quart of milk.

It follows her about the yard—
Her life is like a dream;
And every time that Mary smiles,
It gives a pint of cream.

Another quite amazing thing—
I hesitate to utter;
But every time that Mary laughs
Her little cow gives butter.

Charley Crawford,
Age 12. Greenville, Utah.



Drawing by Bernice Gibby,
Age 15. 44 No. 9th West, S. L. C.

The Biography of a Beet Seed

It was a beautiful day in April. Mother Nature had awakened all her children and put them to work. The old farmer looked around and remarked, "Wall, ef spring ain't here a-ready. I reckon we'd better hustle

around an' git this 'ere land ready for the beet-seed."

After many days of toil and labor on the farmer's part the land was ready for planting. The farmer went into his barn where, in a dark corner, was a large quantity of seed.

"Don't touch me, oh, please let me stay," he heard one tiny voice beg, but into the drill it went. After a few moments it heard, "Git up Bess," and then found itself slipping. Soon the warm, damp earth was over it and it settled down for a rest. But it found that there was plenty to do if it ever wanted to grow. One day a flock of birds flew over the field and the tiny seed was thankful that it was covered. Then the rain came and the sun shone brightly and soon the seed sprouted and poked its head through the warm earth. In a few days it was a good-sized plant, so the farmer came and cultivated around the roots. Then came the thinners and again the plant was in danger of losing its life. All summer it grew and developed a strong body and healthy top. In the autumn something happened which made it more frightened. It was lifted from the ground and its top taken off by a sharp knife. The beet was then loaded in a wagon and hauled to the beet-dump where it was put in a car. A long, tiresome ride and a severe scrubbing followed and the beet was so tired that it actually turned pale. Then it was put through a lot of noisy machinery from which it came a quantity of white crystal grains. It was put in a large sack with countless other grains and then lay in store-room for a long time. Strange to say it had never heard its name. One day the grains were put on the breakfast table in a large, white bowl. Then a little voice said, "please, mama, pass me the sugar."

"Oh, so I'm sugar am—" but it had no time to finish the thought, for it was swallowed just then with a spoon-full of mush. Florence Cranney,
Age 5.

Marion, Idaho.

Honorable Mention

Thora Allen, Mesa, Ariz.; Grace L. Allen, Teasdale, Utah; Hortense Alfred, Af-ton, Wyo.; Elva Anderson, West Point, Utah; Celia Anderson, West Point, Utah; Vida Anderson, Lehi, Utah; Lavon Bates, Wanship, Utah; Gladys Bailey, Liberty, Utah; Ruth Baker, Boulder, Utah; Reed Bowman, Millville, Utah; Mabel Breckon, Caldwell, Ida.; Thora Burnett, Clinton, Utah; Harold Burbank, Adeline Burbank, Marion Burbank, Claresholm, Canada; Rulon Brown, Scipio, Utah; Herbert Bartlett, Oakley, Ida.; Eva Clegg, Elmo, Utah; La Rue Cowley, Byron, Wyo.; Leah Cranney, Marion, Ida.; Nola Christianson, Holden, Utah; Edmond Crowley, Idaho Falls, Ida.; Andrew Campbell, Jane Campbell, Frankburg, Canada; Ethel C. Wood, Williamsburg, Ida.; Hazel Caldwell, St. John, Utah; Adah Duerden, Hatch, Ida.; Mary Dimond, Ben-nion Ward, Sylvia Erickson, Collinston, Utah; Julia Esplin, Orderville, Utah; Ursula Elton, Lethbridge, Canada; Mar-ion Follett, Fairview, Ariz.; Clara Field, Ammon, Ida.; Taylor Gardner, Wood-ruff, Ariz.; Fanny Geddes, Banida, Ida.; Annie Godfrey, Clarkston, Utah; Made-line Hawkins, American Fork, Utah; Fannie Hilton, East Bountiful, Utah; Ruth Huntton, Marion, Ida.; Verd Hanks, Grover, Utah; Glen Hood, Loa, Utah; Erma Hyde, Downey, Ida.; Cora Hendrickson, Fairview, Ida.; Mollie Hamblin, Roosevelt, Utah; Eva Hyde, Montpelier, Ida.; Florence Haymond, Grantsville, Utah; Leona Hanson, Ver-non, Utah; Eunice T. Hansen, Vernon, Utah; Mona F. Iverson, Vernal, Utah; Carol Jensen, Weston, Ida.; Dana Jonn-son, Kanab, Utah; Vivian H. Johnson, San Diego, Cal.; Max Jensen, Union, Utah; Leo Jensen, Heber City, Utah; Eva Jeppeson, Oral, Dakota; Ruby King-horn, Rigby, Ida.; Paul Krouse, Salt Lake City; Abbie Kimball, Rupert, Ida.; Eva Knouf, Carl Knouf, Sunnyside, Utah; Allie King, Emma King, Kamas, Utah; Amelia Larsen, Manti, Utah; B. Lang-ford, Cadar City, Utah; Elizabeth Lloyd, Central, Ida.; Rebecca Lewis, Boise, Ida.; J. R. Lauritzen, Short Creek, Ariz.; Doris Masters, Bingham, Utah; Sarah Nelson, Mountain View, Canada; A. Nel-son, Spring City, Utah; Anna E. Olson, Logan, Utah; Kenneth Orr, Orton, Cana-da; Goldie Olsen, Hoopec, Utah; Still-man Pond, Rupert, Ida.; Lileth Porter, Hatch, Utah; Eliza Passey, Sterling, Canada; Elmer F. Rowe, Butte, Mont.; Mary Roberts, Provo, Utah; Sarah Elsie Smethurst, Milburn, Wyo.; Dicey Stev-ens, Aurora, Utah; Louis Sorenson,

Mountain Green, Utah; Norma Smith, Manassa, Colo.; James Wrathall, Grants-ville, Utah; Leah Wintsch, Manti, Utah; Fannie Wallentine, Paris, Idaho; Naomi Williams, Tucson, Ariz.; Anton Winkel, Richfield, Utah; Leon Wood, Bates, Ida.; Ira Walker, Greenville, Utah; Eldia F. Wood, Ethel C. Wood, Williamsburg, Ida.; Norman Webster, Glenwood, Cana-da.



Drawing by Alice Steed,
Age 12. Cardston, Canada.

The Breezes

Breezes in the garden,
Breezes in the air,
Breezes in the sun-shine,
Breezes everywhere.

Little birds are singing
In the leafy trees,
And their songs are carried,
By the gentle breeze.


Little children praying
'Round their mother's knee.
I wonder if the breezes
Carry prayers to Thee.
Hazel Stocks,
Bountiful, Utah.

Age 10.

Dandy, the Calico Cat

VI







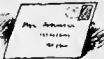
FIRST of April!" sang Bobby, sitting up in  in the morning. "First of April! Look out for surprises!"


The first surprise came at breakfast, when Katy brought in a plate of








which were not  at all, but sugar

candy! The next surprise came at dinner, when a bunch of  in the middle of the  turned out to be popping crackers with fancy  in them.



Dandy had a surprise-  made of chocolate, and the children had a surprise-  for Mother.


They had been planning it for days, with Aunt Nell to help. "A  for you, Ma'am," said Katy,

bringing it in on a . But when Mother had opened the , instead of a 

she found five , of Billy and Betty and Bobby and little Joan and Baby. Mother was so pleased that she gave them each a big -hug.




"I have a surprise for you, too," said Mother, and they all gave her a big -hug at once. "Will it come in a ?" asked Billy "No," said


Mother. "Will it come in a ?" asked Betty.


"No," said Mother. "I shall put my  on by and by and go out in the  and bring the surprise






home with me." So by and by she put on her  and went out in the



and the children took  and went down into the parlor and waited till she came home. "You


must have bandages on your ,

 said Mother, standing by the  that led into the hall, "and

not peep till I tell you!" So they all tied  over their .

But Dandy did not have any  over his eyes. Out he flew into the hall.

Then there was a great laugh behind the .

" has found me!" cried a voice. "It's

Daddy! It's Daddy!" shouted the children. And off flew the



and oh, how they all capered and clapped their hands at once! "It's the very bestest surprise of all!" cried little Joan.

For there was Daddy, back from his



long journey, standing laughing at the door, and who was sitting right up on his shoulder but the little Calico Cat!



The Funny Bone



Otherwise Not

"Why do you want to get divorced?"
"Because I'm married."—Philadelphia
Public Ledger.

What Tommy Thought

"What is a triple alliance, Tommy?"
"It's when pa and ma and the school-
teacher agree that I ought to have a
lickin'."—Boston Post.

The Right Answer

The class in history had the floor.
"Can any scholar tell me where the
Declaration of Independence was
signed?" asked the teacher.
"At de bottom," promptly replied one
lad.

Made from Hard Wheat?

"I wish to complain," said the bride
haughtily, "about the flour you sold me.
It was tough."
"Tough, ma'am?" asked the grocer.
"Yes, tough. I made a pie with it, and
my husband could hardly cut it."—Bris-
tol Times.

Wanted too Much

Guest (calling to clerk at two o'clock
in the morning): "There are two mice
fighting in my room. What kind of a
cheap place is this?"
"What price did you pay for your
room?" asked the sleepy clerk.
"Fifty cents," replied the irate guest.
"Well, what do you expect for fifty
cents, a bull fight?" asked the clerk.

A Detail

Enthusiastic Aviator (after long ex-
planation of principles and workings of
his biplane): "Now, you understand it,
don't you?"
Young Lady: "All but one thing."
Aviator: "And that is—?"
Young Lady: "What makes it stay
up?"—New York Times.

Why Johnny Flunked

"What was the result of the flood?"
asked the Sunday School teacher.
"Mud," replied the bright youngster.

Of Course

"When is the best time to catch soft
water?"
"When it is raining hard."

Inside Information

Tommy: "Mama, have gooseberries
got legs?"
Mom: "Of course not, Tommy?"
Tommy: "Then I've swallowed a cat-
erpillar."

Not Crowded

Willie: "Mama, do people that lie ever
go to heaven?"
Mother—"Why, of course not, Willie."
Willie: "Gee! I bet it's lonesome up
in heaven with only the Lord and George
Washington!"

Hopeless

Grocer: "What have you been doing
in the cellar so long?"
Grocer's Boy: "I've been cleaning out
the quart measure for the molasses. It
was so gummed it didn't hold more'n a
pint."
Grocer: "You get your hat and get
out. Tell your father to get you a job
washing bottles; you ain't fit for the gro-
cery business."

Of No Avail

"I've been reading an article on elec-
tricity, William," said William's wife, as
she laid down a technical magazine, "and
it appears before long we shall be able
to get pretty nearly everything we want
just by touching a button."
"It will never pay here!" said the hus-
band. "You would never be able to get
anything in that way."
"Why not, William?"
"Because nothing would ever make you
touch a button! Look at my shirt!"

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Eleanor H. Porter

Author of *Pollyanna*,
Miss Billy, *The
Story of Marco*, *The
Turn of the Tide*,
Cross Currents, Etc.



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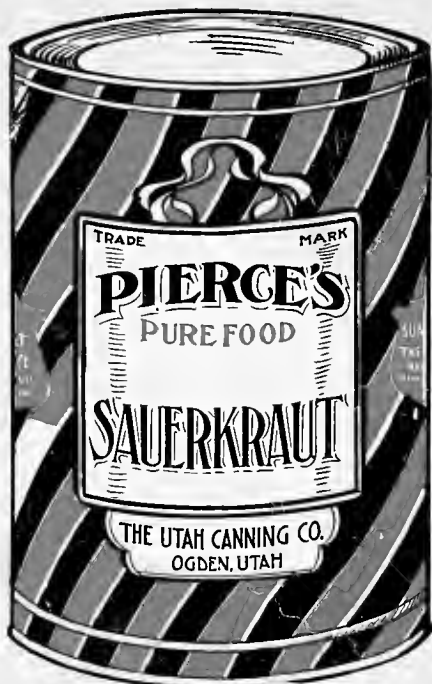
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